Look! In this issue! It's a bird! It's a bomb! It's...
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It's a waste of space! It's...
"BATTLESTAR GALACTICA"

It's a bunch of crooks! It's...
LAWYERS & REPAIRMEN

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And it's a pack of lies! It's...
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July '79

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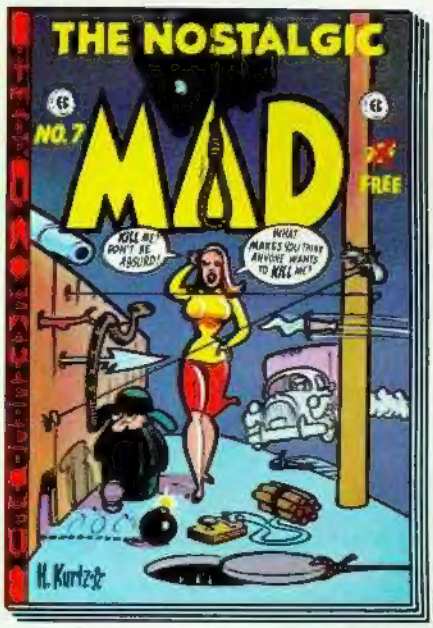

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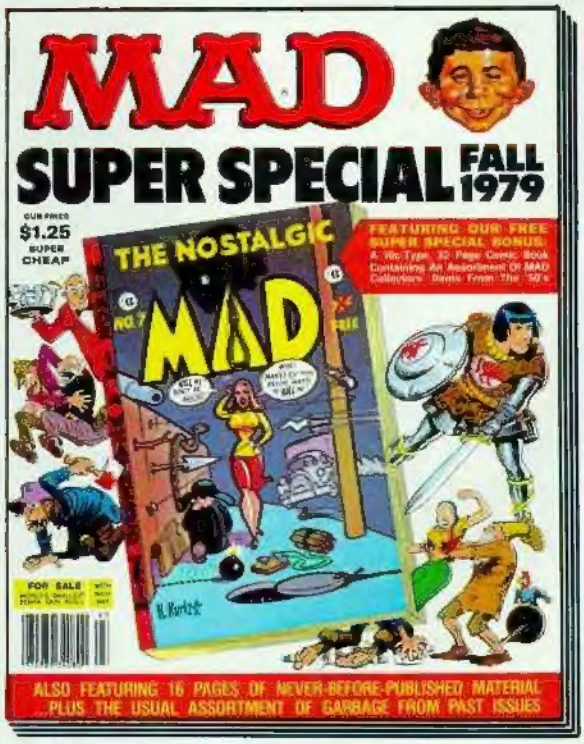

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NUMBER 208 JULY 1979

MAD

"For some people, counting calories is a weigh of life!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

HEAVING CAN WAIT

Maybe "Heaven Can Wait" for Warren Beatty, but Drucker and Hart are definitely on the preferred list!

Scott Mekan
San Francisco, Calif.

I was in seventh heaven, mainly because Stan Hart "changed a little stiffness into an agonizing pain", with a few quick twists!

Hames Ware
Little Rock, Ark.

Beatty, Christie, Grodin and Cannon were never drawn better. They should be on Clod Nine!

Laurie Pevey
Houston, Texas

WHO KILLED THE COUNTRY?

Congratulations to Bob Clarke and Frank Jacobs for "Who Killed The Country?" It strikes at our country's basic problems. Hopefully, its message will be heeded, but, as the first frame suggests, it probably won't.

Brian Rupel
Dayton, Ohio

The Jacobs and Clarke article, "Who Killed The Country?" wins my vote for best article ever to appear in MAD. Here's one they left out:

Who blackened its soul?
"I", said the porno publisher—
"With my non-stop glut
Of fortune making smut,
"I blackened its soul."

Gary E Phillips
Hamilton, Ohio

Who rifled its purse?
"I", said the Federal Reserve—
"In a daring daylight caper,
"I replaced its gold with paper.
"I rifled its purse."

Leonard Rubin
New York, N.Y.

Who laughed at its troubles?
"I", said MAD Magazine—
"Taunting its ev'ry flaw,
"Further convulsed its craw.
"I laughed at its troubles."

James B. Ewbank
Lawton, Oklahoma

DE BARTOLO BRINGS IN A GUSHER

In your September, 1976, issue, Dick De Bartolo manifested "more MAD ESP". His article was entitled "Behind The Scenes At The Major Oil Companies" and one of his characters predicted that gas would go up to $1.00 a gallon. The 6:00 O'Clock News confirmed that within two years, officials believe that gas *will* go up to a buck a gallon! De Bartolo's an invaluable MAD "pipeline" and forecaster!

David Matthews
Aliquippa, Pa.

THE CARTERBURY TALES

Lou Silverstone and George Woodbridge deserve to be knighted for "The Carterbury Tales". A greatte, greatte jobbe!

William Garvin
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Heere continueth the Booke of the Tales of Carterbury:

The Shah's Tale

The Shah was the kyng of
an oyl-rych landd.
It ys sayd he ruled wyth
an yron handd.
The Carter lovyd oyl,
so he belde the Shah dear.
But the Shah's people gave
hym a kyck yn the rear.

Frederick Rauscher, Jr.
Arlington, Virginia

I readeth wythe interest
The Carterbury Trashe
For once twas not wastyd
my sixty centts cashe
In vain dyd I searche for
The Rosalynn's Tale
Butt ye Cloddes dyd forgette
Numero Uno Damselle.

Jonathan & Helene Blackwell
Cortland, New York

The Rosalynn's Tale

The Fyrst Ladye we niver yntended to slyghte—
Butt lately she's been out of our syghte—
Yn 1980, the votyrs a new chieff may hail—
So Rosalynn's preparying a Whytte House tagge sale. —ed

I can't figure you guys out. How you do a great satire like "The Carterbury Tales" and "Everyday Scenes We'd Like To See" (Yecch!) in the same issue is enough to drive me MAD!

Ed Nichols
New York, N.Y.

A MAD LOOK AT TARZAN . . . TODAY

"A MAD Look At Tarzan . . . Today" tore me from limb to limb!

Ted Kniering
La Canada, Calif.

SECOND OPINIONS IN NON-MEDICAL CASES

If someone tells you MAD has a right to publish its magazine, talk to a teacher with a drawer full of confiscated MADs, for a "Second Opinion".
John Gwin
Toms River, N.J.

When you said that your "Second Opinion" article was funny, *whose* second opinion did you get? Snee's or Coker's?
Paula Boucher
Old Town, Maine

My Mom thinks I'm an idiot for buying MAD. She says I'll be neither wise nor wealthy, reading it. Ask William M. Gaines for a "Second Opinion".
Roger Gutienez
Canoga Park, Calif.

If the Board of Health says they check up and make sure that unsanitary conditions of businesses don't affect the public, talk to any MAD reader for a "Second Opinion"!
Erik Rothenberg
Santa Monica, Calif.

MAD "SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF" STRIPS

I fell for Henry Clark's "MAD 'Scratch 'N' Sniff' Strips", right in the store! I sniffed it while ten people were watching me.
Paul Williams
Skaneateles, N.Y.

I thought that was the dirtiest trick you could play on us. I scratched through two pages without getting any results!
Karl Ramonas
Waterbury, Conn.

You left out the clean, scrubbed smell of a gas station's rest-room.
Anthony Hall
Fairfield, Calif.

Your "Scratch 'N' Sniff Strips" really stunk!
Brad Calvert
San Diego, Calif.

THE EYES OF LURID MESS

Your satire on "The Eyes Of Laura Mars" should have been Dunaway with, I'd say!
Jim La Ruffa
Margate, Fla.

SMELLER DRAMA

You've done it again, MAD! On a recent edition of "60 Minutes", there was a report on aerosol can products for businessmen; for instance, if a restaurant owner wants to push, say, lobster on a given evening, he simply gets his can of "lobster spray" and gives the room a spritz or two to subtly influence his diners' decisions. Another was for used car dealers to spray in their beat-up old hulks to make them smell new, which, in an article entitled "Spray Cans We'd Like To See" (#134, April, 1970), you correctly predicted and called, "New Car Kick"!
Anne Butman
Danvers, Mass.

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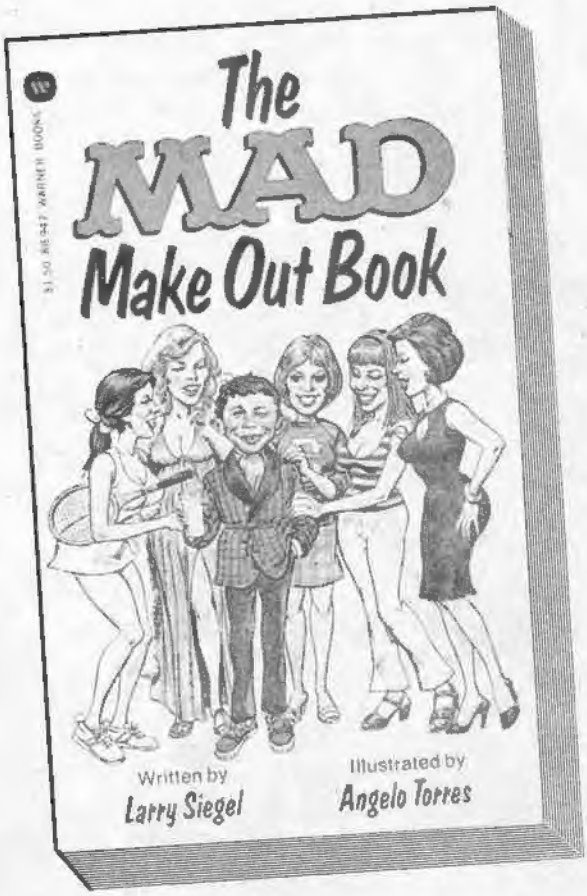

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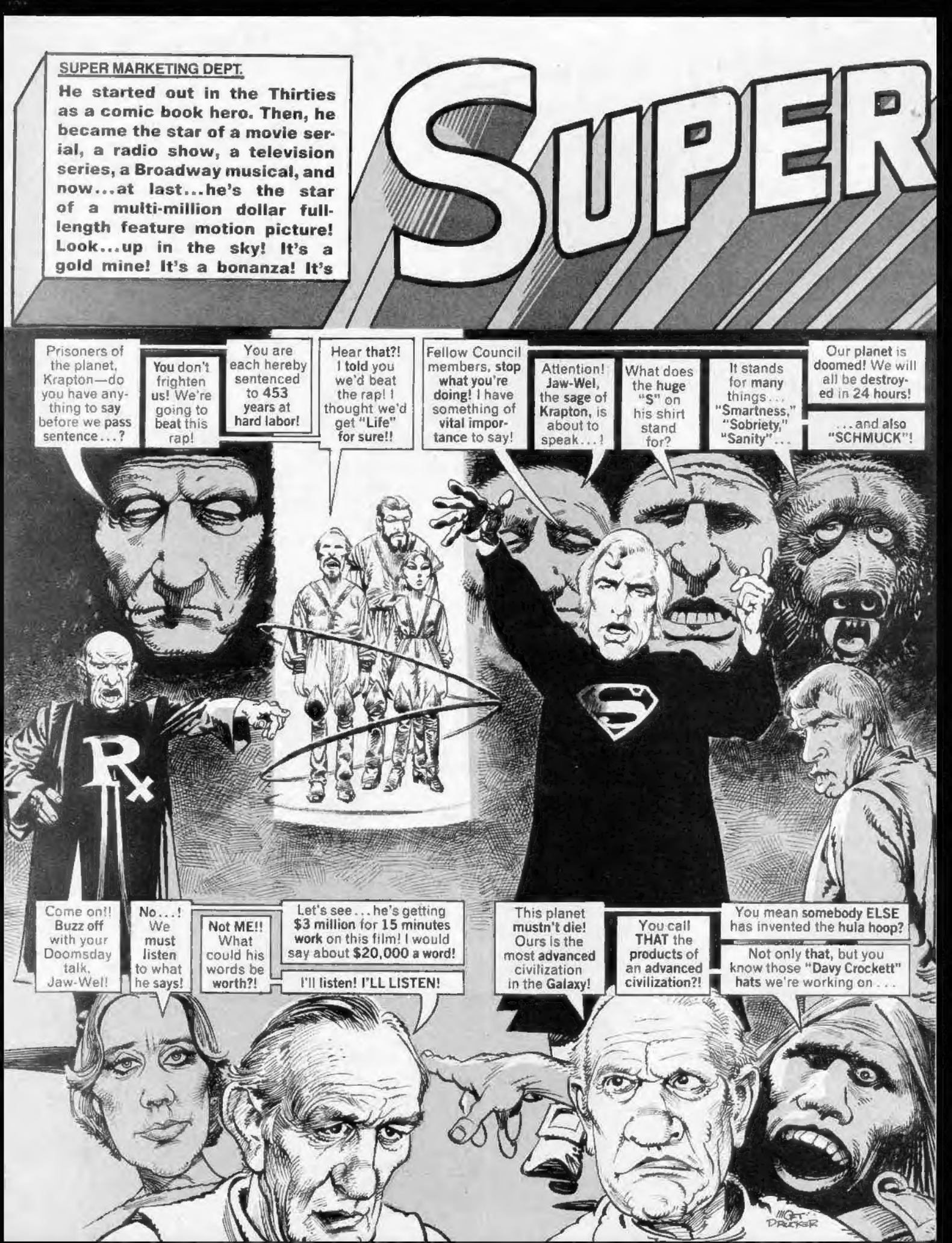
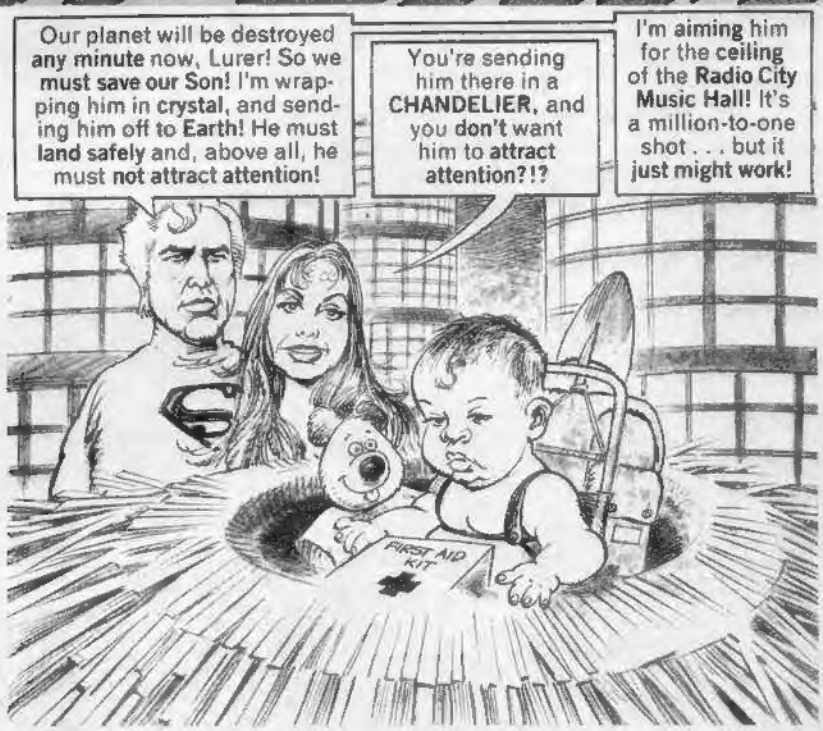
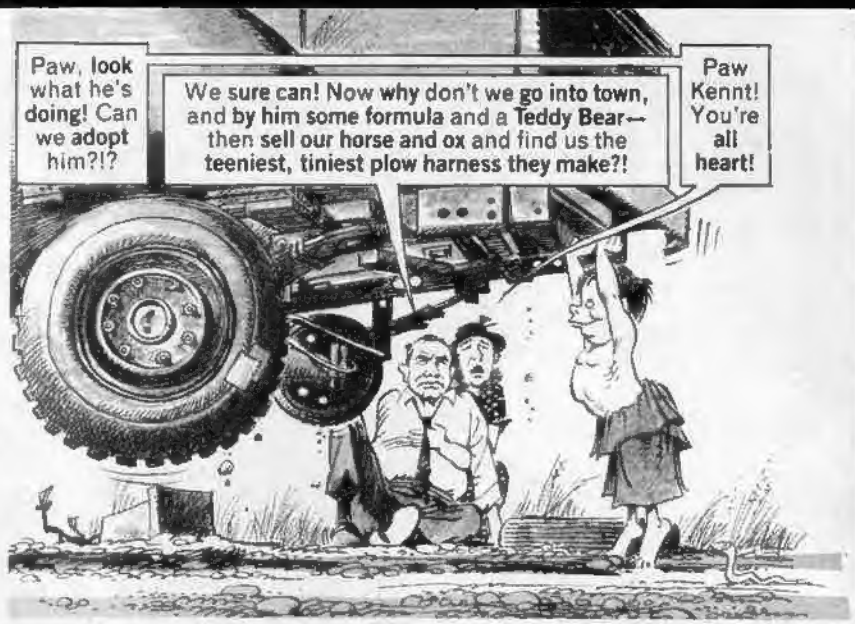

SUPER MARKETING DEPT.
He started out in the Thirties as a comic book hero. Then, he became the star of a movie serial, a radio show, a television series, a Broadway musical, and now...at last...he's the star of a multi-million dollar full-length feature motion picture! Look...up in the sky! It's a gold mine! It's a bonanza! It's
SUPER
Prisoners of the planet, Krapton—do you have anything to say before we pass sentence...?
You don't frighten us! We're going to beat this rap!
You are each hereby sentenced to 453 years at hard labor!
Hear that?! I told you we'd beat the rap! I thought we'd get "Life" for sure!!
Fellow Council members, stop what you're doing! I have something of vital importance to say!
Attention! Jaw-Wel, the sage of Krapton, is about to speak...!
What does the huge "S" on his shirt stand for?
It stands for many things... "Smartness," "Sobriety," "Sanity"...
Our planet is doomed! We will all be destroyed in 24 hours!
...and also "SCHMUCK"!
Rx
Come on!! Buzz off with your Doomsday talk, Jaw-Wel!
No...! We must listen to what he says!
Not ME!! What could his words be worth?!
Let's see...he's getting $3 million for 15 minutes work on this film! I would say about $20,000 a word!
I'll listen! I'LL LISTEN!
This planet mustn't die! Ours is the most advanced civilization in the Galaxy!
You call THAT the products of an advanced civilization?!
You mean somebody ELSE has invented the hula hoop?
Not only that, but you know those "Davy Crockett" hats we're working on...
GT DRUCKER

DUPERMAN

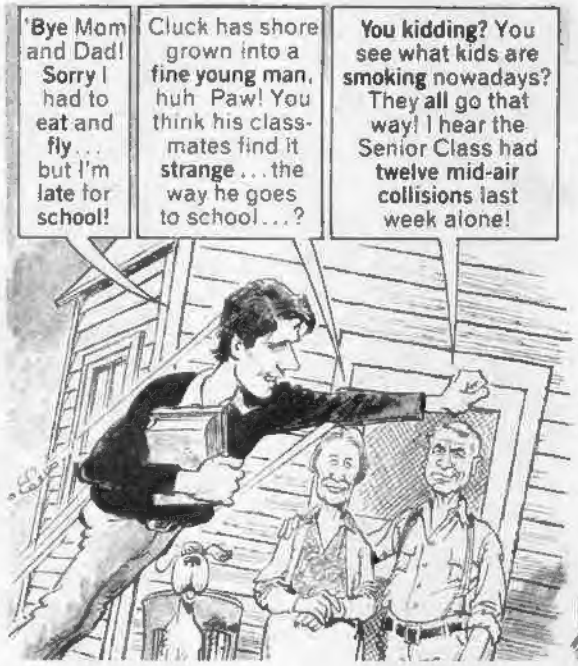


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

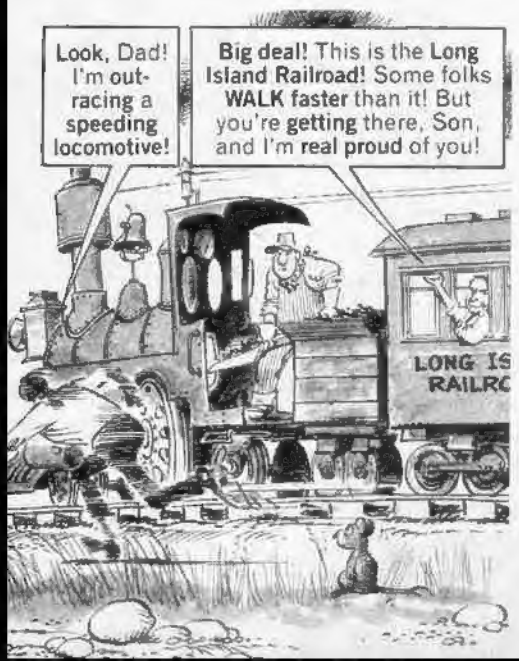
Aw, Paw! Ain't he the cutest little thing?!?
He sure is! Gi'me a minute to finish fixing this flat, and we'll be on our—
Good Lord!! The JACK is slipping! Maw!! Help me! I'm gonna be crushed to death!!
Ford


Paw, look what he's doing! Can we adopt him?!?
We sure can! Now why don't we go into town, and by him some formula and a Teddy Bear— then sell our horse and ox and find us the teeniest, tiniest plow harness they make?!
Paw Kennt! You're all heart!

What will we call our new Son, Paw?
I figured we'd name him after someone who's very near and dear to us!
You mean our prize CHICKEN?
Who else?! The name shore has a nice ring to it, don't it? CLUCK KENNT!!


'Bye Mom and Dad! Sorry I had to eat and fly... but I'm late for school!
Cluck has shore grown into a fine young man, huh Paw! You think his classmates find it strange... the way he goes to school...?
You kidding? You see what kids are smoking nowadays? They all go that way! I hear the Senior Class had twelve mid-air collisions last week alone!

How far did I kick the ball, Dad?
Nine and a half miles, Son! But that was WITH the WIND! Keep working on it! You'll do a lot better!
BAM!


Look, Dad! I'm outracing a speeding locomotive!
Big deal! This is the Long Island Railroad! Some folks WALK faster than it! But you're getting there, Son, and I'm real proud of you!
LONG IS
RAILRO

Oh, Spirit of my dead Father! Why have you called me away from my adopted parents?!?
To tell you, my Son, that you have come of age now... and the time has come to make use of your great gifts for the benefit of Mankind!
I understand, Father! How shall I do that?
The secret is in the crystals that came with you from the planet Krapton! Remember, my Son! All knowledge... all strength... all power is in crystal!
FORGET crystal, my boy! Go into PLASTIC! That's where the money is!

Who was that, Father!?
Your Uncle Manny! Don't pay any attention to him!
And now... into my costume ...and off to Metropolitan City! Up... up... and away!
Hello! You must be Berry Blight, the Editor here at the "Daily Planetoid"! I'm mild-mannered Cluck Kennt, your new Reporter!
Holy Cow...! These office elevators are fast! As soon as I stepped into yours, I was up here in a flash!
Kennt... we're on the GROUND FLOOR here! You stepped into a broom closet!!
No wonder that lady with the funny hair wouldn't talk to me! She must've been a MOP!
Cluck... this is Lotus Lain, one of my Ace Reporters!
Listen, Lotus... he's a nice kid, but he's a square! He's also rather insecure! I think he can use a lot of ego-building!
Trust me, Chief!
Take me to lunch, Four-Eyes!
Hey... that's really puffing up the old ego!!
Sure nice of you to have lunch with me, Miss Lain!
Okay, Lady... hand over your purse and nobody gets hurt!
Cluck... he's got a GUN!
Stand aside, Miss Lain! I know exactly how to handle creeps like this!
Here's the purse you wanted, Creep!
Hey, I could have done THAT, you silly pantywaisted twerp! Good-bye!!
But you heard what he said! If we give him the purse, nobody gets hurt! I didn't want to get hurt, did you? Pain is so icky-poo!
What the?!? I've heard of bullet-proof VESTS... but a bullet-proof CHEST?! Le'me out of here!!
BLAM! BLAM!
What's going on?!? Give me the whole story!
It's Lotus Lain! She was with some silly, panty-waisted twerp, and—
AFTER that! AFTER that!
She was getting into a Helicopter and it blew up and skidded off the edge of the roof! She fell out and she's just hanging there! See...?
Looks like it's finally time to go into action! I must find a place to change into my costume!

Pardon me, Sir... but are you almost finished with your call...?
Scram, Buddy!! This ain't no telephone booth!!
Heh-heh! Sorry!
I'm so nervous, I don't know what I'm doing! I better change on the way...!

Look... up in the sky! It's a bird!
It's a plane!
Nahh! It's just some weirdo in a cape who's probably late for a party on Fire Island!

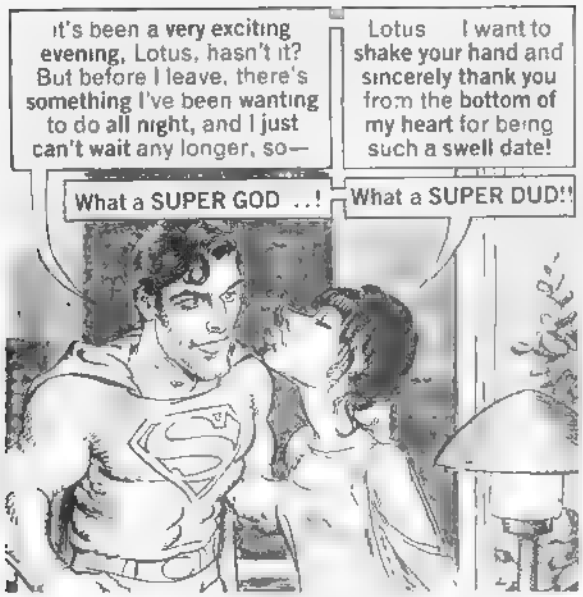
Help! HELP! I'm FALLING!!

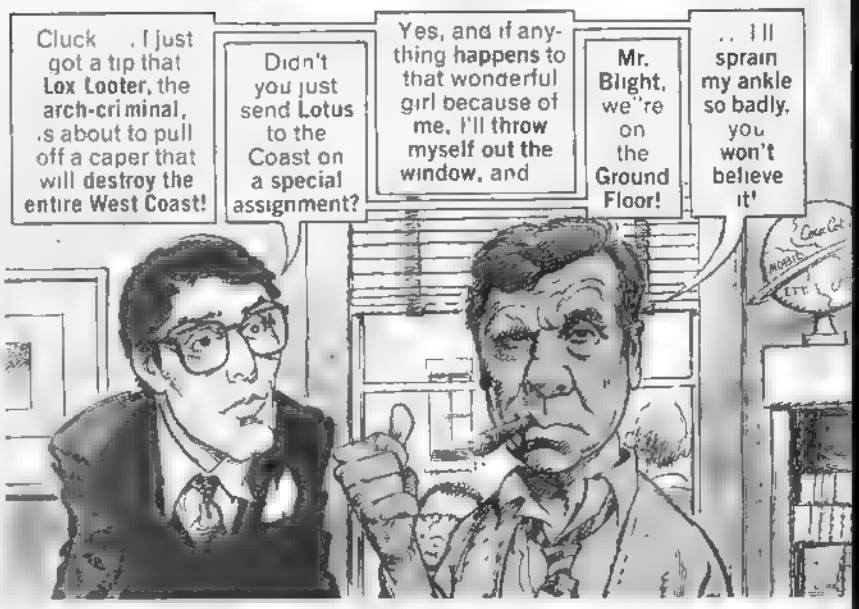
You—you saved my life!! Who are you? Where do you come from?
From a strange land, Ma'am! A place whose people and customs are totally alien to civilization as we know it today!
Oh! The BRONX, huh? Listen, if you're not doing anything tomorrow night, why don't you drop by my place?
It's a DATE, Ma'am!!

Hello! I hope I'm not late, Lotus!
No, you're right on time! I— I STILL can't get over it!! Who would ever believe that a man could FLY like you do?!?
The same people who'd believe that a $185-a-week Reporter could live in a TAJ MAHAL APARTMENT like this!
PENTHOUSE APARTMENTS

Y'know, if you were wearing glasses, you'd look exactly like someone I know, but I can't quite think who...!
Lotus, I realize that some people DO look alike, but... heh-heh ... believe me, there is nobody you know with glasses who looks like me! NOBODY...!
I got it!! Henry Kissinger!
Except him!!

You're fantastic! From now on, I'm going to call you "Superduperman"!
Great! And I'm going to call you "Old Eagle Eye"!
What a night! When did a mere mortal ever soar through the clouds, holding on to a god before?!
Probably the last time somebody flew 20,000 feet in the air without an OXYGEN MASK!!

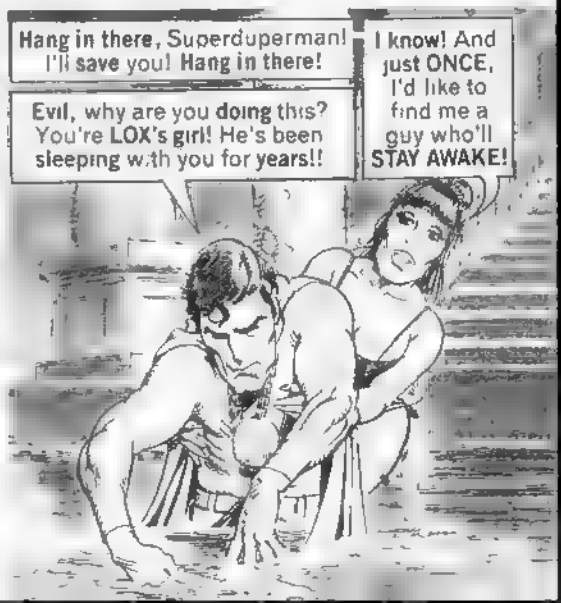

It's been a very exciting evening, Lotus, hasn't it? But before I leave, there's something I've been wanting to do all night, and I just can't wait any longer, so—
What a SUPER GOD ..!
Lotus I want to shake your hand and sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart for being such a swell date!
What a SUPER DUD!!


Cluck . I just got a tip that Lox Looter, the arch-criminal, is about to pull off a caper that will destroy the entire West Coast!
Didn't you just send Lotus to the Coast on a special assignment?
Yes, and if anything happens to that wonderful girl because of me, I'll throw myself out the window, and
Mr. Blight, we're on the Ground Floor!
.. I'll sprain my ankle so badly, you won't believe it!

Listen to me, Onus, my stupid henchman, and Evil, my sexy girlfriend! I, Lox Looter, am about to pull off the most fiendish act in the history of crime... heh-heh .chortle!!
Tell me, Boss, why are you always wreaking vengeance on the world??
It all began 13 years ago when I was turned down for one of the arch-villains on the "Batman" TV Series—for being too boring! But, I'll show 'em!! I'LL show 'em, NOW! NOBODY CAN STOP ME!

"Nobody" is a mighty big word, Lox!
It's Superduperman! But you're too late, my friend! In a few minutes, a 500-megaton bomb will zoom across the country, strike the San Andreas fault, cause a mighty earthquake, and send California into the sea!!
Lox, I plan to stop you ..and have you thrown into jail!
On WHAT CHARGE?!?
Well, for starters, there's always "Pre-Meditated Mischief"!

Don't fight me, Lox! You know there's nothing on this planet that's a match for my super-duper strength!
Oh? How about something from ANOTHER planet, like this piece of Kraptonite, f'rinstance
No! No! Anything but that!
Starting to get all mushy inside? Starting to get weak in the knees? This Kraptonite is taking its toll, right, 'Stupidman'?!
Right! And the broad in the Bikini isn't exactly HELPING THINGS!!
SPRING ST.


Hang in there, Superduperman! I'll save you! Hang in there!
Evil, why are you doing this? You're LOX's girl! He's been sleeping with you for years!!
I know! And just ONCE, I'd like to find me a guy who'll STAY AWAKE!

Thanks for saving my life, Evil! Now I must save Lotus and the entire West Coast! Hey... you just kissed me!
Good luck, 'Inferior-Man'!
Wait a minute! How come you called me "Inferiorman"?!
I just kissed you!
There's the missile, just ahead of me... and it's headed right for the San Andreas fault!! I must STOP IT. before it's..
AURORA MODEL KIT
...TOO LATE!
BOOM!
Good Lord! The West Coast is doomed by a gigantic earthquake that will cause a gigantic holocaust! Even Superduperman can't stop it now!!
Wait! There IS a way he can stop it!
You mean??
Of course..
With a gigantic ZIPPER!!!
Now to straighten out the Golden Gate Bridge!
And then, I'd better check things out in Nevada.

There . . . I guess I patched up Hoover Dam pretty well!

But it looks like the quake hit Las Vegas pretty hard!!

I must find Lotus . . .

Lotus! LOTUS! Speak to me!! Oh, God she's DEAD! DEAD . . . !

What can I do? I don't want to lose her!!

I know!! I'll TURN BACK THE CLOCK!!

No, my Son! You are forbidden to interfere with human history! You cannot use your powers to toy with time! You must let events run their natural course! Lotus is DEAD! you CANNOT bring her back to life!!

DO IT, Superduperman!! Turn back the clock! Use your powers! Bring Lotus back to life, NOW! It's important to you! To all of us!! DO IT! DO IT!!

Hey, LOOK! The SUN is setting!

What's strange about that . . . ?

Early in the MORNING? In the EAST?!

Hey! We're flying to EUROPE!

But that's where we CAME from!!

We're going back! TAIL FIRST!

I—Im ALIVE! I—I was DEAD, and now I'm ALIVE! How did you do it?

It was simple, Lotus! I merely spun the Earth backwards . . .

You turned back the clock?! But didn't you hear your Father's voice, warning you that you shouldn't?!?

Yes . . . but then I heard a chorus of other voices! They convinced me to do it!!

Who were they?

The Executives at Warner Brothers! They reminded me that without Lotus Lain, there's no "SUPERDUPERMAN II"!

COMING NEXT YEAR SUPERDUPERMAN II

A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE POEM DEPT.

In their battle for Equal Rights, women have fought to even the score in almost every field where they think they have gotten the short end of the stick. But there's one big area of prejudice they seem to have overlooked: Classical Poetry. As every student who has ever suffered through an English Lit course already knows, most famous poets of bygone days were make chauvinists who wrote about the dramatic deeds of other male chauvinists. The only women who gained mention were

RE-WRITING CLA
TO GIVE WOM

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

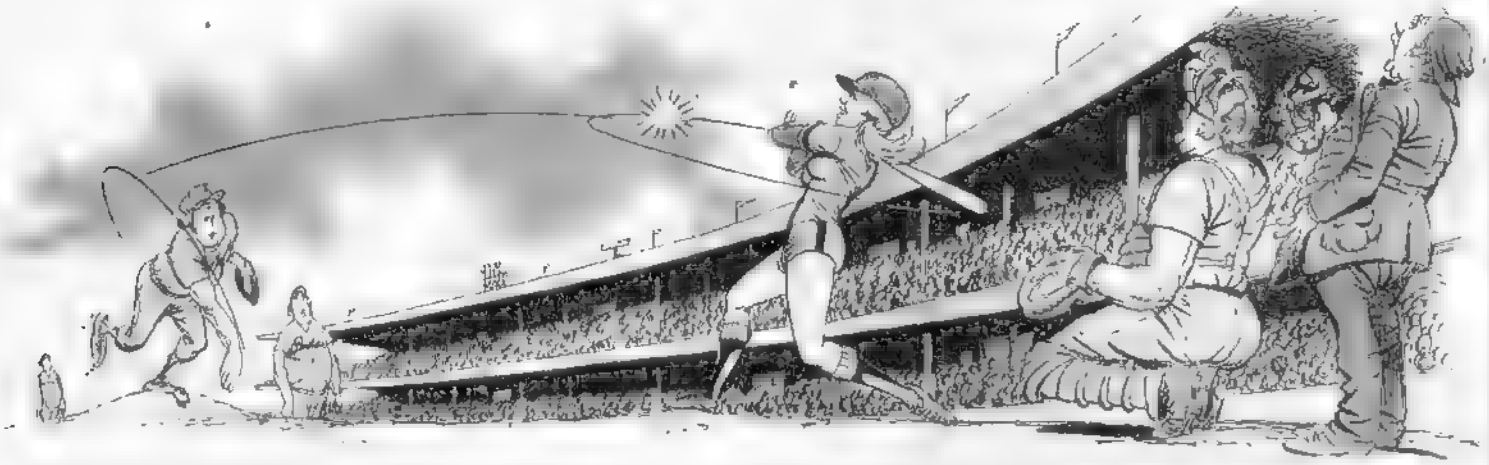
CATHY AT THE BAT

The Mudville fans were shocked to hear the judgment of the courts,
Which ruled that girls must be allowed to play in high school sports.
None feared that girls would louse up golf, or track, or things like that,
But letting girls play baseball might bring Cathy to the bat.

So tension grew as Mudville's nine approached that fateful day
When all the chips were on the line with one game left to play.
And as the home team fell behind, the fans in silence sat,
All fearing doom if, in the clutch, young Cathy came to bat.

Then in the ninth, O'Riley walked, and Flynn he did the same,
Which meant the next to stroke the ball could win or lose the game.
Then cries of anguish struck the hills, and echoed through the flat,
For Cathy, shapely Cathy, was advancing to the bat.

There was grace in Cathy's bearing as she swung her girlish hips,
And fetching charm was in her smile that shone through girlish lips.
"She's quite a dish," one fan remarked. "I'd love to date that dame.
But up at bat, I feel quite sure she's bound to blow the game."



The opposition pitcher sneered, and then he made his throw,
And then the air was shattered by the force of Cathy's blow.
In unison, the crowd arose to watch the batted ball
As up it soared and cleared with ease the farthest outfield wall.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land, male chauvinism reigns,
And macho guys expose their chests to show off macho chains.
But nevermore in Mudville will such childish things be done,
For Mudville's where a girl stepped up and slammed the winning run.

the fragile flowers whose feminine helplessness was admired in odes and sonnets. This sexist approach has no place in today's world, where we realize that men and women possess the same qualities, both good and bad. And so, MAD now attempts to help women win their fair share of space in future poetry books by countering the classics penned by male chauvinist pigs of yesteryear with this collection of verse turned out by one of our own male chauvinist pigs who fails dismally at

ASSICAL POETRY EN EQUAL TIME

WRITER: TOM KOCH

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, COME HOME WITH ME NOW

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's running too late.
Poor Dad's home alone with the children to feed.
He's sitting there cursing his fate.
His Swanson's beef dinner caught fire on the stove;
He'd left it, somehow, in the box.
The cat has thrown up, and your sweet youngest child
Has walked through the barf in his socks.
Come home! Come home! Come home!
Please, mother, dear mother, come home.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game's gone past dark.
In struggling to win, you've now blown forty bucks.
And yet you call bingo a lark!
You promised that money was going for shoes
To warm up our frozen feet.
Instead, you have gambled our savings away
At odds you should know you can't beat.
So quit! So quit! So quit!
Please, mother, dear mother, just quit.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!
This bingo game may last all night.
Poor Dad's had no dinner but pretzels and gin;
He's really a sorrowful sight.
And Kitty, I fear, didn't simply throw up;
He died, and he's all stiffened now.
How tragic it was that you couldn't be there
To hear his last feeble meow.
Give up! Give up! Give up!
Please, mother, dear mother, give up.

MAUDE REVERE'S FRIGHT

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight fright of Maude Revere.
She'd been assigned to awake her spouse
In case the British drew near their house:
But waking Paul was a chore to fear.

Then, one dark night on the couple's farm,
Maude heard the bells ring a faint alarm.
She yelled at Paul, "Get your horse and ride!
There's British stalking the countryside."
Paul muttered, "I'm sure they mean no harm."

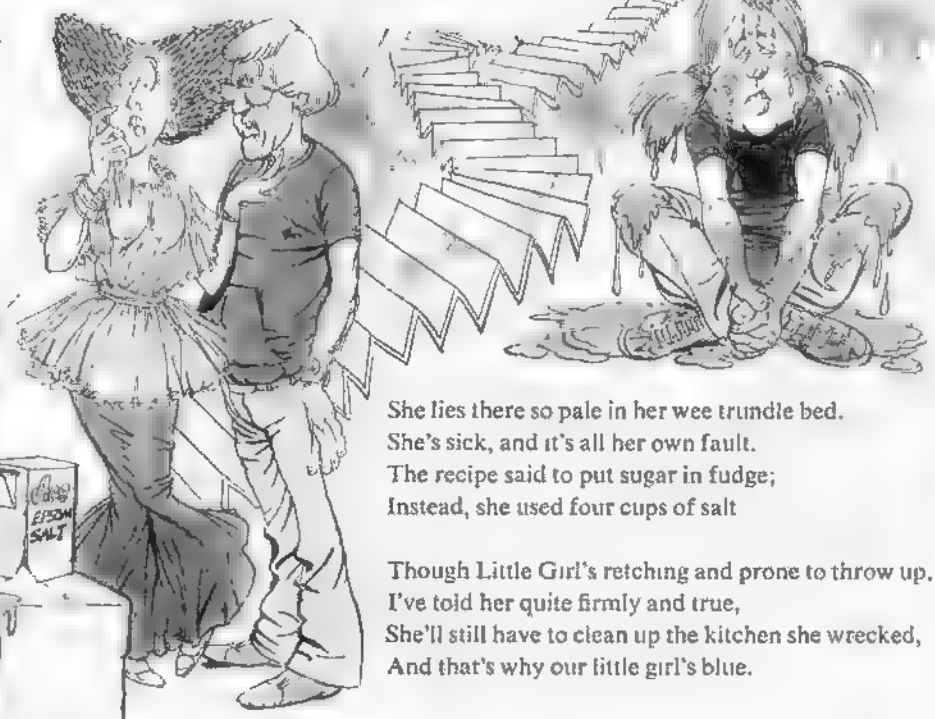
Maude shrieked again: "It's two if by sea,
And you on the opposite shore must be."
But Paul just gave a slumbering sigh,
And pulled the patch quilt blanket high.
"I'll get up after while," said he.

In fear, Maude followed a daring course:
She slung Paul's body across his horse,
Then pinned a note to his nightshirt blouse
And sent him, snoring, to warn each house
That British troops were around in force.

Each schoolboy's read of that night of fear
When danger lurked with the British near
You've heard of pledges Paul rode to keep,
But now you know he was sound asleep.
That night's true hero was Maude Revere.

LITTLE GIRL'S BLUE

Our best kitchen kettle stands crusted with gook
That looks like petroleum sludge.
It serves to remind us our little girl's blue
Because she bombed out making fudge.
Time was when no kitchen disasters had struck,
And all the utensils looked new:
But now, they're all caked with a layer of crud,
While upstairs, our little girl's blue.



She lies there so pale in her wee trundle bed.
She's sick, and it's all her own fault.
The recipe said to put sugar in fudge;
Instead, she used four cups of salt

Though Little Girl's retching and prone to throw up,
I've told her quite firmly and true,
She'll still have to clean up the kitchen she wrecked,
And that's why our little girl's blue.

THE SHOOTING OF ANN MC GREW

A bunch of the girls were whooping it up in the Discotheque Saloon,
While out on the floor, the go-go boys all danced to a funky tune.
Sipping her booze at the Singles Bar was Dangerous Ann McGrew.
She'd come to stare at the men down there, especially one named Lou.

Then out of the night and up to the bar, a female stranger came;
And though she'd never been there before, she knew the rules of the game.
"It's drinks on me!" she yelled, and winked at the gentleman known as Lou,
While down the bar came a look of rage from Dangerous Ann McGrew.

The stranger walked to the dance floor then, and silence engulfed the place,
For though she had feet like large pontoons, she moved with a ghostly grace
The only one who didn't applaud was Dangerous Ann McGrew,
Who sat and stared with lustful eye at the gentleman known as Lou.

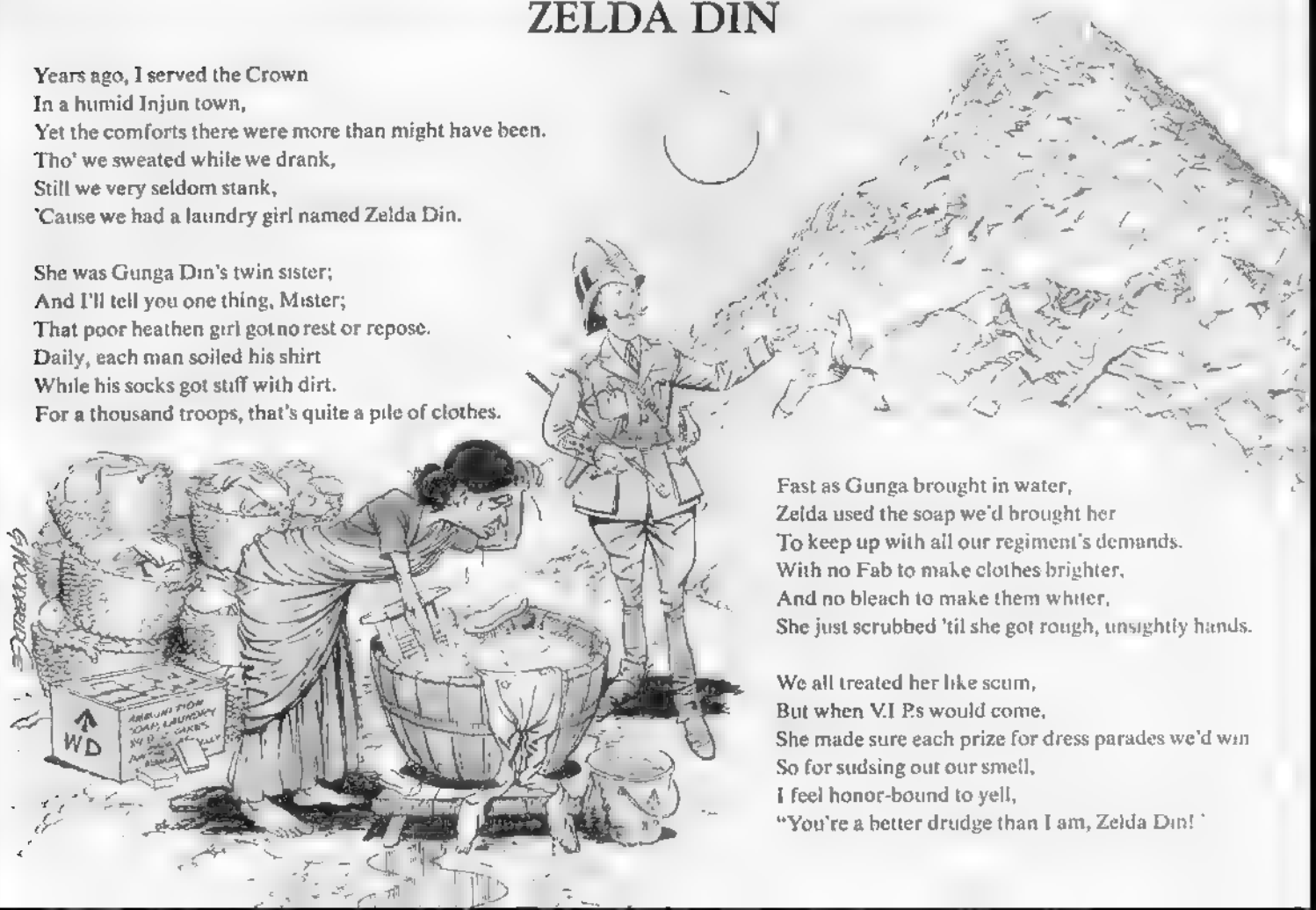
The barkeep spotted the danger sign, and spoke to the stranger low:
"The dude you fancy is spoken for. I'd strongly suggest you blow."
The stranger pulled out a gun and cried, "I'm claiming that man named Lou!"
Then six shots echoed along the bar, not one hitting Ann McGrew.

This story proves that women can drink, and stake their claim on a guy.
It proves that women can boldly seek the sins that money can buy.
It proves that women can brawl and cuss and spin out a manly yarn.
It also proves that armed with a gun, they can't shoot it worth a darn.

ZELDA DIN

Years ago, I served the Crown
In a humid Injun town,
Yet the comforts there were more than might have been.
Tho' we sweated while we drank,
Still we very seldom stank,
'Cause we had a laundry girl named Zelda Din.

She was Gunga Din's twin sister;
And I'll tell you one thing, Mister;
That poor heathen girl got no rest or repose.
Daily, each man soiled his shirt
While his socks got stiff with dirt.
For a thousand troops, that's quite a pile of clothes.

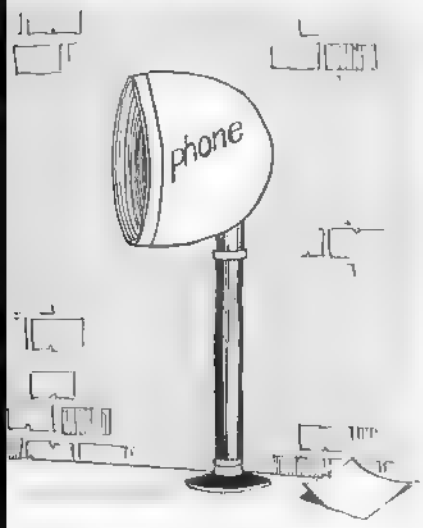


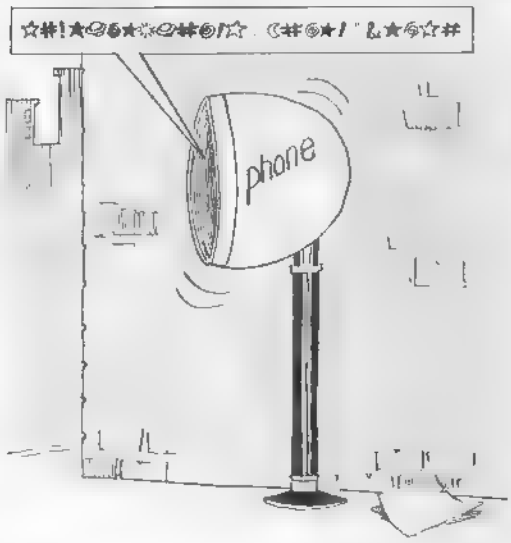
Fast as Gunga brought in water,
Zelda used the soap we'd brought her
To keep up with all our regiment's demands.
With no Fab to make clothes brighter,
And no bleach to make them whiter,
She just scrubbed 'til she got rough, unsightly hands.

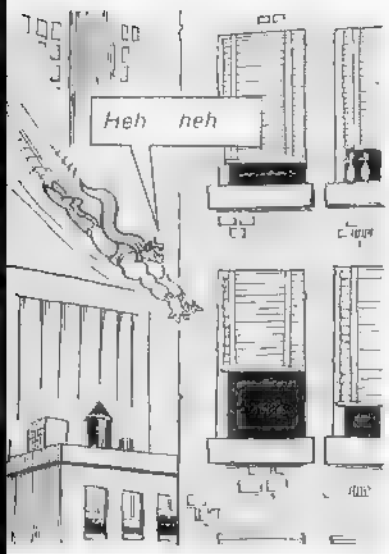
We all treated her like scum,
But when V.I.P.s would come,
She made sure each prize for dress parades we'd win
So for sudsing out our smell,
I feel honor-bound to yell,
"You're a better drudge than I am, Zelda Din!"

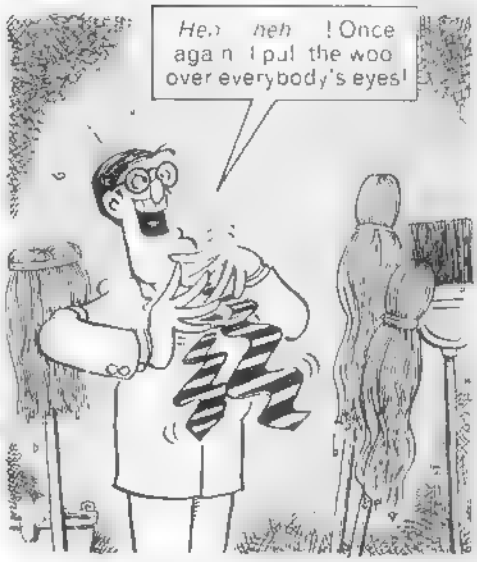
SHNOOK . . . UP IN THE SKY! DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT SUP









ERMAN

ARTIST-DON MARTIN
WRITER DON EDWING

GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

. . . TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING LAWYERS

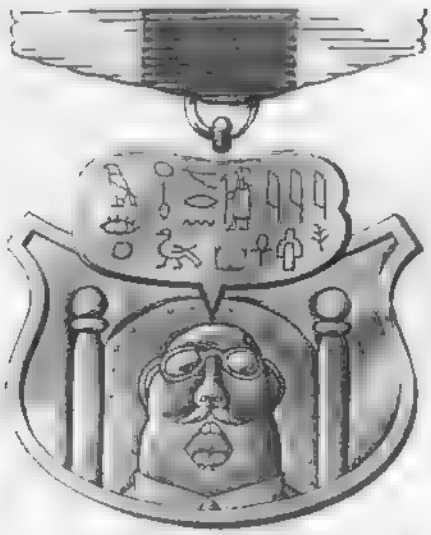
THE BACKED-UP CALENDAR MEDAL

For boldly stalling and delaying . . . to drag out court trials, thus generating tremendous incomes for judges, lawyers, court employees, bail bondsmen, etc.—thereby strengthening the solid pillar on which our system of justice depends.

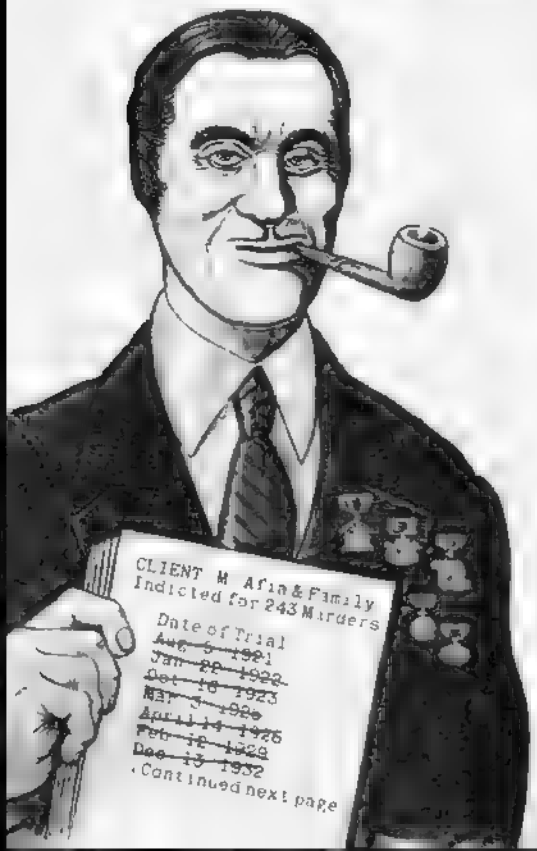
THE CREATIVE CASE AWARD

For heroically creating law suits out of nothing, and running up huge fees for clients whether they win or lose, and getting lots of publicity which brings in more clients and may even be useful for future political activity.

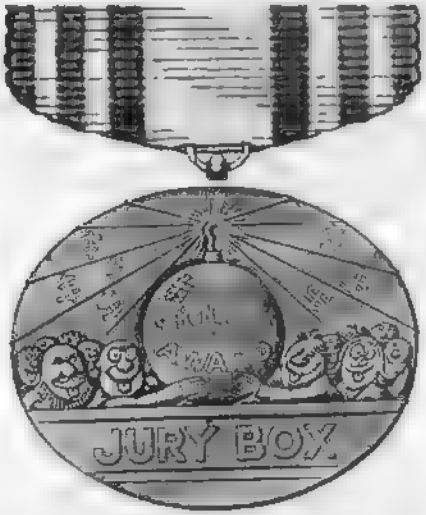
THE EXPERT WITNESS MEDAL



For bravely seeking and buying expert testimony that supports client's case (even if client is guilty of the most heinous crime) . . . thereby stimulating the economy by providing additional income to doctors, psychiatrists, etc.

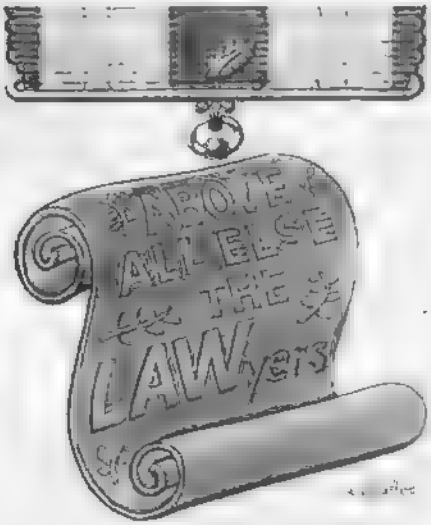


THE ESPRIT DE CORPS MEDAL



For gallantly sticking it to Insurance Companies by superb acting in front of juries, getting them to make fantastic awards despite the fact that everyone, including jurors themselves, will pay higher insurance premiums as a result.

THE GULLIBLE JUROR AWARD



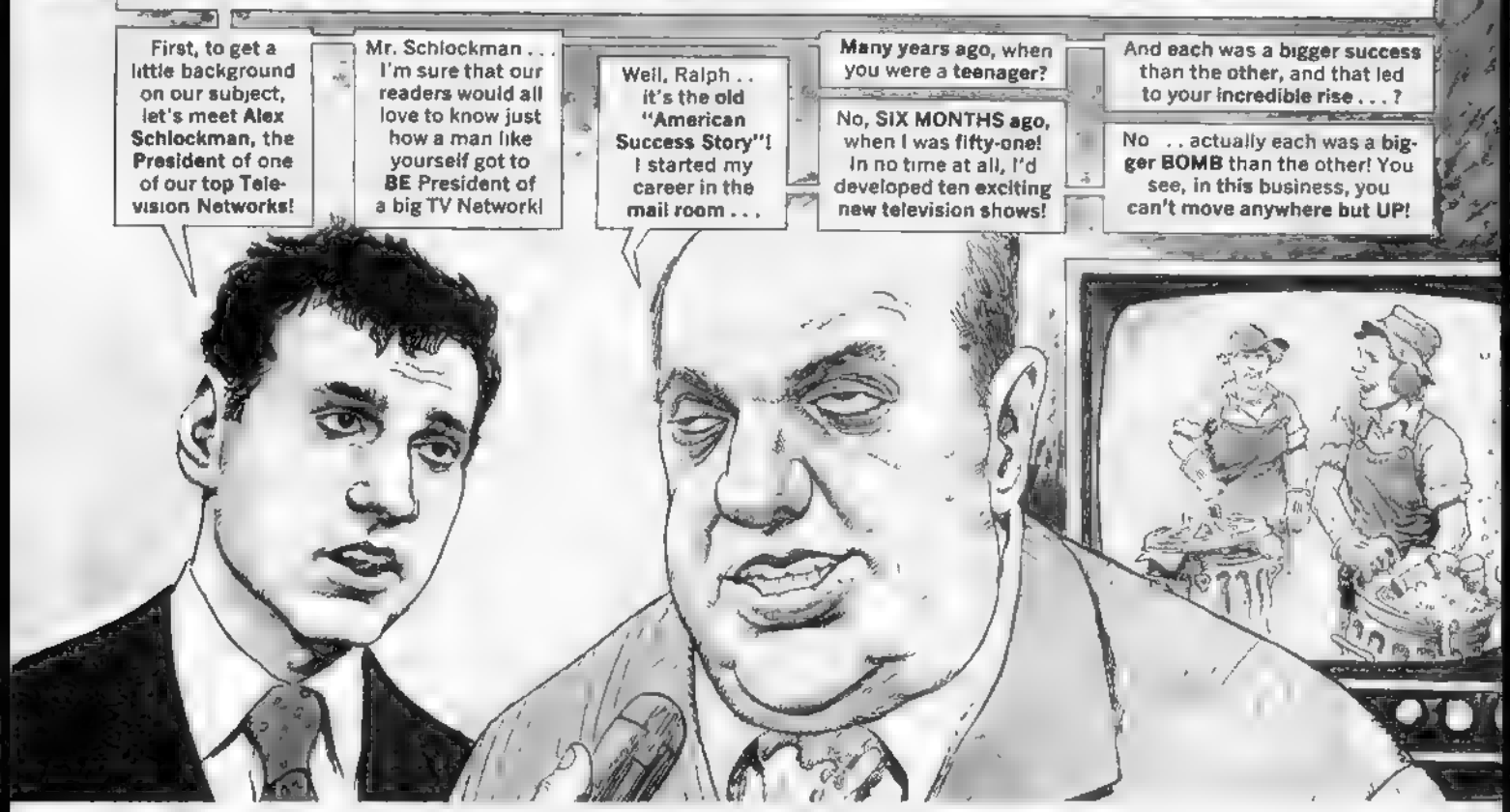
For bravely running for election, thus resolutely helping to fill almost all political offices with lawyers so that legislation, first and foremost, will protect the rights, the privileges and the profits of this noble profession.

ARTIST & WRITER AL JAFFEE

POLL-ISH JOKE DEPT.

Hi! I'm Consumer Advocate **Ralph Raider!** This article will examine America's preoccupation with **fantasy!** As you know, there exist in this country **TWO Never-Never Worlds,** filled with **fairies** and **ogres** and all kinds of **strange creatures!** And **someday,** we'll take a **look** at **"Disneyland"!** But right **now,** we're going to examine our **Television Networks!** So won't you join me as...

MAD EXPLORES THE TV RATINGS SYSTEM



ARTIST HARRY NORTH ESQ. WRITER LARRY SIEGEL

In other words, ratings are a life-and-death matter to the TV Networks?

Not THIS one, Ralph! Listen to these mature, intelligent people around us! As you can see, they have more enlightening things on their minds!

We must do a prime time show on Solar Energy as a new life force!

Yes, that could fit in well with our projected retrospective on the paintings of Marc Chagall . . . !

I agree! But I think we should first contact the Bolshoi Ballet, and . . .

THE *RATINGS* ARE COMING!!

THE *RATINGS* ARE COMING!!

THE RATINGS!! Le'me see them . . .

No, ME FIRST!! Get out of my way or I'll kill you!

If we didn't beat "Charlie's Angels" last week, it's my NECK!!

Oh, my God! Our Number One show went down the toilet!

What show is that?

You know! The one starring the bald photographer who fights crime . . .

Oh, yeah! "Kodak"! Sorry about that, Mr. Schlockman!

Well . . I guess ratings really ARE your life's blood after all!

Don't be ridiculous, Ralph! What you just saw inside was a freak occurrence! Believe me, our lives are NOT governed by popularity polls! Well, I've got to leave now! I'm meeting my wife, Miriam!

I—I read somewhere that you're married to a woman named "SONIA"!

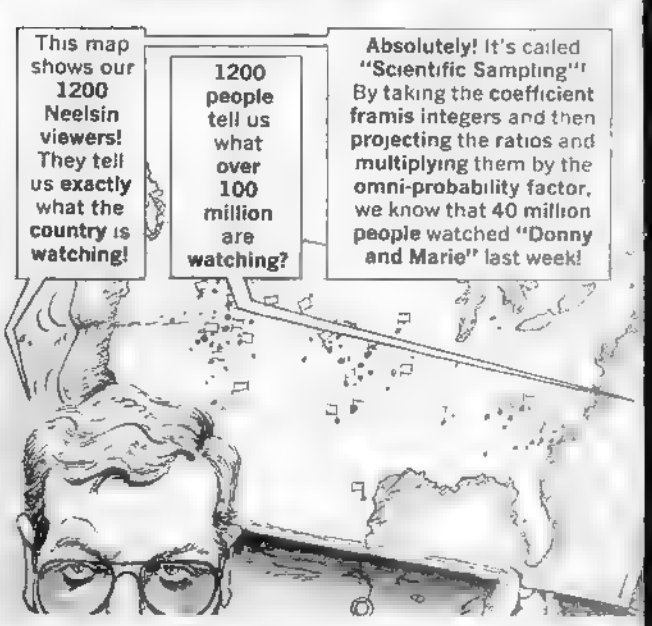
I WAS!! But then I found out that only 17% of the pedestrians were looking her over when we walked in the streets! I—I HAD to drop her!

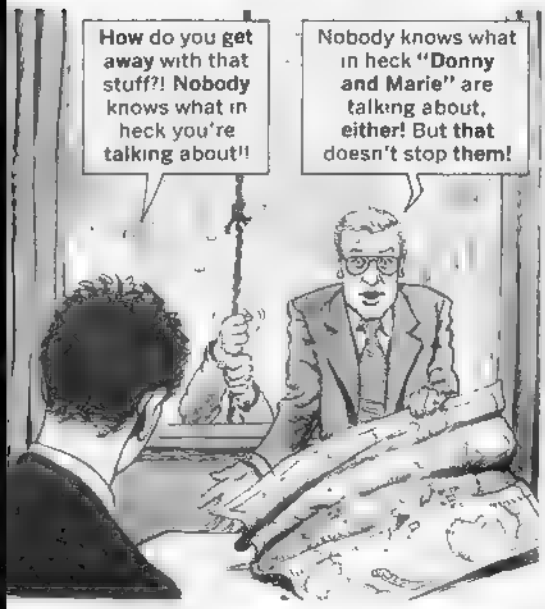
Would you believe that 37% of the pedestrians looked Miriam over last week ALONE!!

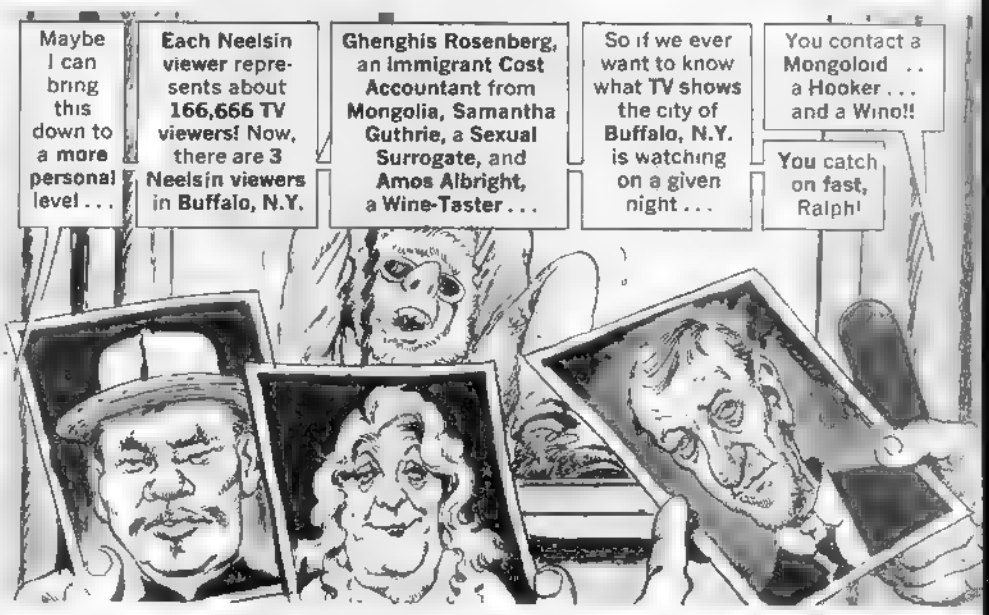
No kidding!! Good luck, Mr. Schlockman! I sure hope your new marriage lasts!

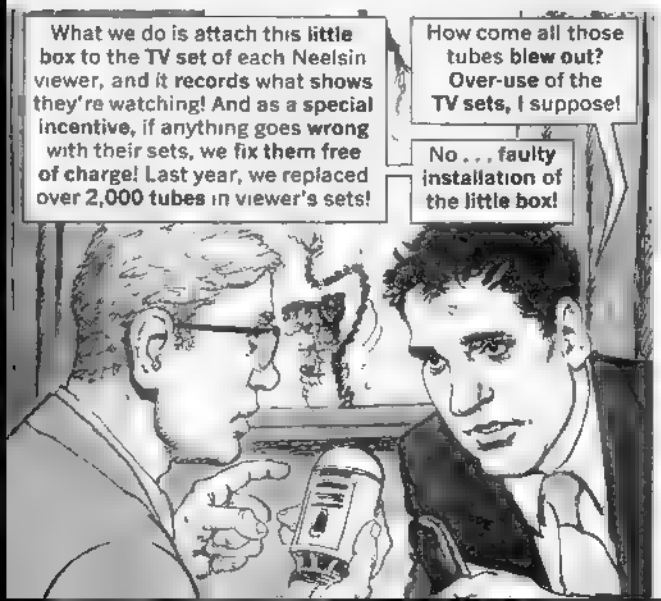
Well . . . I'm committed to at least 13 weeks! After that, we'll see!!

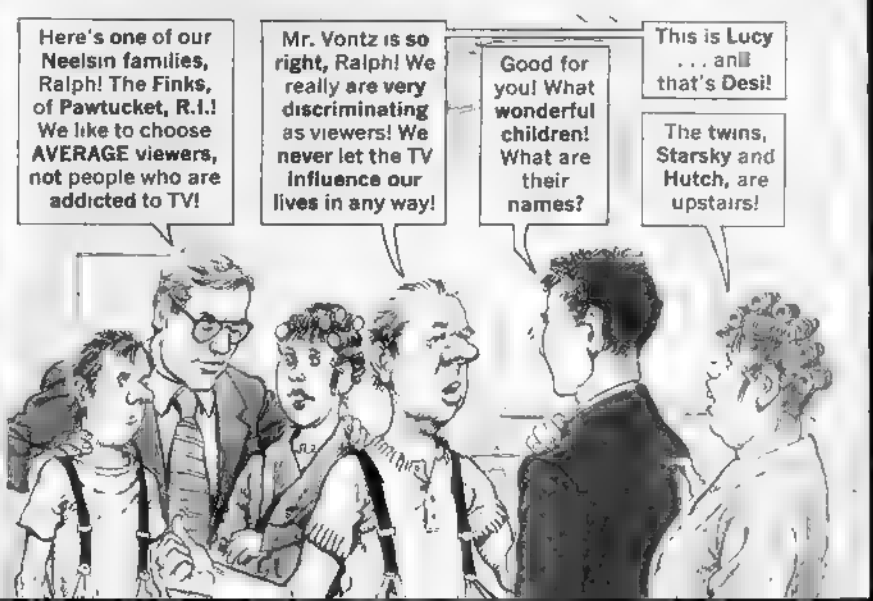
Well, so much for the Network side of our subject! I'm talking now with Max Vontz, a top executive with the Neelsin Ratings company!
Mr. Vontz, could you briefly sum up Neelsin's influence on the TV Industry?
Glad to, Ralph! We at Neelsin have our thumb on the pulse of the television-viewing public!
In other words—
Right! We're giving America the finger!
Hah hah! A little inside joke, Ralph! But seriously . . . let me show you how it's done . .


This map shows our 1200 Neelsin viewers! They tell us exactly what the country is watching!
1200 people tell us what over 100 million are watching?
Absolutely! It's called "Scientific Sampling"! By taking the coefficient framis integers and then projecting the ratios and multiplying them by the omni-probability factor, we know that 40 million people watched "Donny and Marie" last week!


How do you get away with that stuff?! Nobody knows what in heck you're talking about!!
Nobody knows what in heck "Donny and Marie" are talking about, either! But that doesn't stop them!


Maybe I can bring this down to a more personal level . . .
Each Neelsin viewer represents about 166,666 TV viewers! Now, there are 3 Neelsin viewers in Buffalo, N.Y.
Ghenghis Rosenberg, an immigrant Cost Accountant from Mongolia, Samantha Guthrie, a Sexual Surrogate, and Amos Albright, a Wine-Taster . . .
So if we ever want to know what TV shows the city of Buffalo, N.Y. is watching on a given night . . .
You contact a Mongoloid . . a Hooker . . . and a Wino!!
You catch on fast, Ralph!


What we do is attach this little box to the TV set of each Neelsin viewer, and it records what shows they're watching! And as a special incentive, if anything goes wrong with their sets, we fix them free of charge! Last year, we replaced over 2,000 tubes in viewer's sets!
How come all those tubes blew out? Over-use of the TV sets, I suppose!
No . . . faulty installation of the little box!


Here's one of our Neelsin families, Ralph! The Finks, of Pawtucket, R.I.! We like to choose AVERAGE viewers, not people who are addicted to TV!
Mr. Vontz is so right, Ralph! We really are very discriminating as viewers! We never let the TV influence our lives in any way!
Good for you! What wonderful children! What are their names?
This is Lucy . . . and that's Desi!
The twins, Starsky and Hutch, are upstairs!

Just think, Ralph! By projecting what WE watch, the Neelsin people know exactly what 166,666 of our neighbors and friends in Rhode Island are watching! It's really awesome, isn't it?!

Last night, f'rinstance, we watched this terrific new SitCom, "My Friends, Melvin and Selma"! We loved it! I discussed it with everyone in my office and all the people in my bowling league . . .

And I discussed it with my bridge group . . . and everyone at the Supermarket!

And did the others like it?

We don't know! Nobody else saw it!!

Well, I guess as soon as you finish eating, you're going into the living room, put on the TV set, and start recording for Neelsin!

Oh, the set's already ON, Ralph . . . and it's BEEN recording!!

Really? Who's watching it??

Our parakeet, "Fonzie". . . !

Mr. Vontz, does THIS tell you anything?

It sure does, Ralph! We now know for a fact that 166,666 birds of assorted species in Rhode Island are watching "Love Boat"!

Come now, Mr. Vontz! What do you really think about all these new facts you learned!

I guess Neelsin might have been a LITTLE bit off in its projections through the years, Ralph! Anyway, I've fed all the new information I picked up into our computers, and we should be getting feedback shortly!

Good Lord! I can't believe it! For years, we've been TOTALLY WRONG! Do you realize that practically NOBODY has been watching "Happy Days", "All In The Family", and Laverne and Shirley"!?! Not only that, but the three most popular shows in recent history were "The Bell Telephone Hour", "Hallmark Playhouse" and "60 Minutes"!!

Look, Ralph —heh-heh— what do you say we just FORGET about all this and—

Forget?! Just think of all the billions of advertiser's dollars that went down the sewer . . . sponsoring the WRONG SHOWS!!

I've got to get over to The Avenue of the Americas— FAST! I wonder if Mr. Schlockman and the other Networks know about this yet!

THEY *KNOW* . . . ! ! THEY *KNOW* . . . ! ! !

SPY vs SPY
BOOM
CAMOUFLAGE KIT-MK 37

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFIDENT DEPT.

WHAT IS H

ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONES

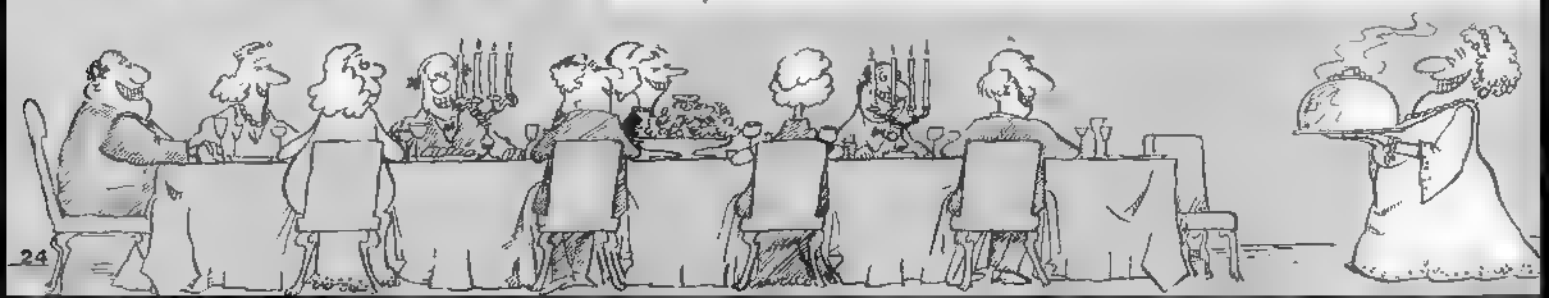
ONCE a famous person has finished cheating, whining, intimidating, screaming and lying to achieve all the material riches of life, he is often gripped by an urge to achieve Humility. You can almost predict when a famous person will first turn Humble. It usually happens right after he has founded a corporation named after himself. His initial outburst of full blown Humility may come when he interrupts a conversation about something else to say, "The Good Lord was kind to me." Or he may butt in to say, "I'm just grateful that I was put on Earth to spread happiness." Or he may simply say, "I owe a lot to the Man Upstairs." But whatever he says, he always makes sure he's saying it before an audience of twenty million people on a TV talk show.

IN ALL CASES, those blessed with Humility can be counted on to make profound comments. Who else but a Humble Actor would remind us that he could never have become a Hollywood star without the help of the guy who put film in the camera? Who else but a Humble Athlete would admit that he might not have scored four touchdowns in the Super Bowl without linemen in front of him? Who else but a Humble Tycoon would confess that he might have succeeded more slowly if his father hadn't manufactured automobiles, and his grandfather hadn't invented them? And who else but a Humble Politician would only promise to end war and erase poverty if he can count on God's assistance?

IT's EASY to spot the celebrity in any crowd who has most recently turned Humble. He's the one who always refers to his new big budget movie as "a little film", and his thousand acre ranch as "a little country place" and his latest acquisition as "a little team in the National Hockey League." In fact, the only things he seems to view as larger than average are his alimony payments to his ex-wife, and the chest measurement of his current girl friend and, of course, his own deep Humility.

AS WITH MOST things, Humility has its luke warm supporters and its all-out fanatics. A luke warm supporter thinks he has been sufficiently Humble if he takes off his hat in the presence of the Pope, or holds an elevator door open for Queen Elizabeth, or refrains from addressing the President of the United States as "Buster". Among advocates of utter Humility, this is only a beginning. They also toil in quiet anonymity to have their agents found such worthy tax write-offs as the Danny Thomas Backgammon Classic, the Jerry Lewis Heartburn Telethon and the Sammy Davis Demolition Derby. In return, they ask for nothing more than a mass outpouring of love from a grateful nation.

POLITICIANS HAVE IT easier than other Humble Folk because they only need to slather themselves with Humility at election time. Anybody can stand to dance the polka at a sweaty factory



HUMILITY?

WRITER TOM KOCH

workers's picnic once every four years. Anybody can put up with the limited wine list at the Dayton, Ohio, Travelodge on rare occasions. And anybody can tolerate a delegation of German-Americans with sauerkraut on their breath now and then. But it's the non-political celebrity who must withstand the day-in, day-out pressure of mingling with guys who wear neckties, and girls who drive Datsuns, and families from Kansas. It's hard for even the most devoutly Humble to face people like that without flaunting their superiority.

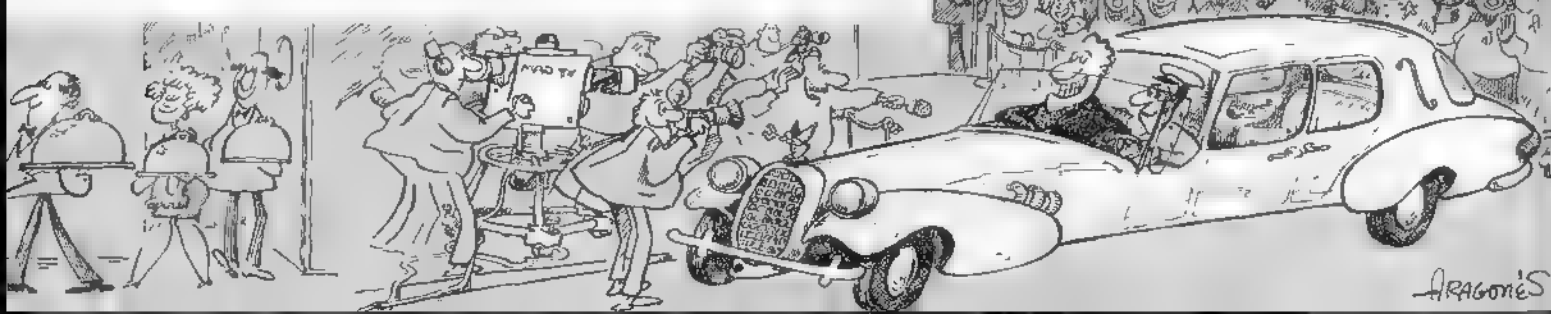
THE PRACTITIONER of Humility possesses the Thoughtful Wisdom of Idi Amin, the Unswerving Purpose of Patricia Hearst, the Tranquil Spirit of Telly Savalas, the Tireless Patience of Liz Taylor, the Studious Philosophy of Redd Foxx and the Keen Perception of Sonny Bono.

INDEED, A TRULY Humble Celebrity is much more than the two-dimensional Xeroxed copy of Pat Boone that we take him to be. He is also Firm Resolve hiding behind his public relations man, Pious Dedication tooling around in a Rolls Royce Corniche, Quiet Good Taste in a sequin dinner jacket, Warm Generosity mailing food stamps home for Mother's Day, the American Spirit floating proudly on a sea of self-indulgence, and Humanity's Best Hope for Tomorrow passing out after his sixth martini.

STILL, THOSE WHO have made Humility their lifetime endeavor are much like ordinary people in many ways. They have their moments of self doubt . . . when they wonder if they might have crusaded for a more popular charity than the Charles Manson Legal Defense Fund. They have their delusions of grandeur . . . when they honestly think that their maudlin mumbling about Brotherhood on the Johnny Carson Show was good enough to merit the Nobel Peace Prize. They even have their secret flaming desires . . . to beat Robert Blake with a rubber hose until he agrees to become as Humble as they are.

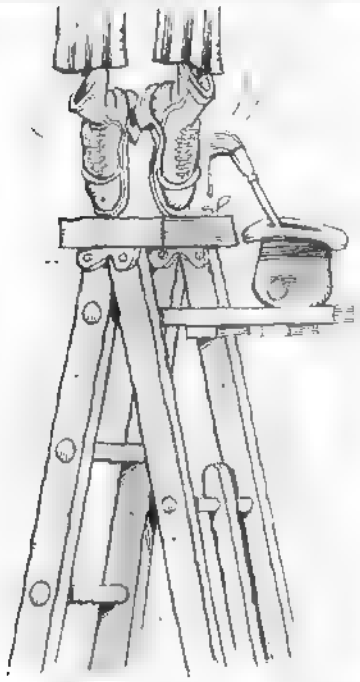
NO ONE REALLY knows what inner light guides so many beautiful, talented, lovable people onto the path of Humility. Some say they were inspired by their work-worn, saintly Mothers. Others tell long anecdotes about the Humble Wisdom passed on to them by beloved teachers, impoverished ministers, defeated revolutionaries, passionate librarians, short rabbis, stubborn sharecroppers, grubby newsboys and retired pole vaulters. In truth, most famous people who embrace Humility probably were led to it by some forgotten subordinate who finally went berserk and screamed the words of advice that every mealy-mouthed, saccharine sweet phony eventually hears:

"UP YOUR IMAGE!"

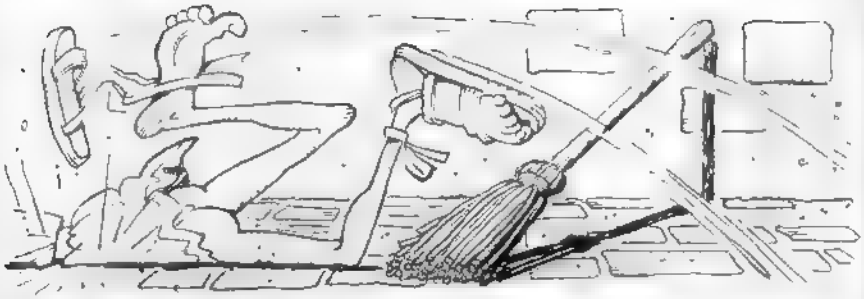


FOOT-NUTS DEPT.

CANDID CLOSE-UPS OF S

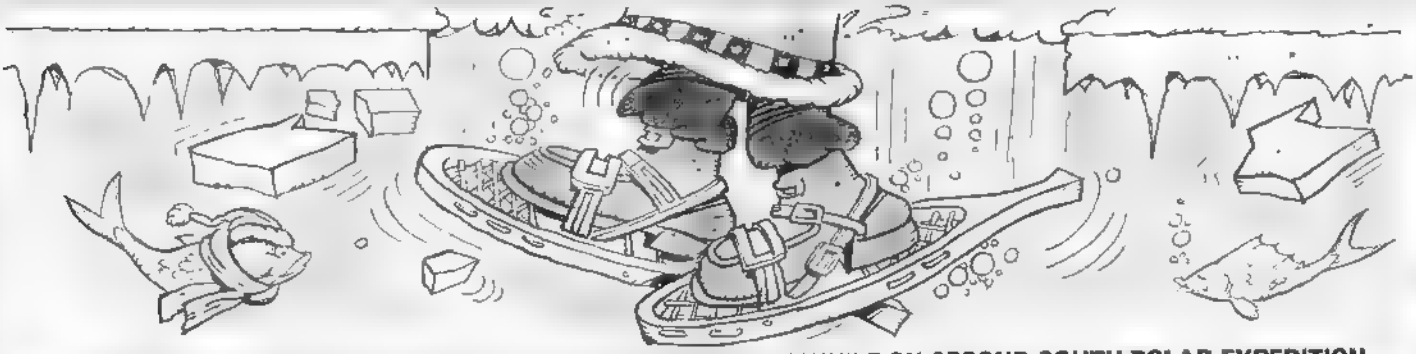


HENRI TOULOUSE-LAUTREC CHANGING THE LIGHTBULB IN HIS PARIS STUDIO

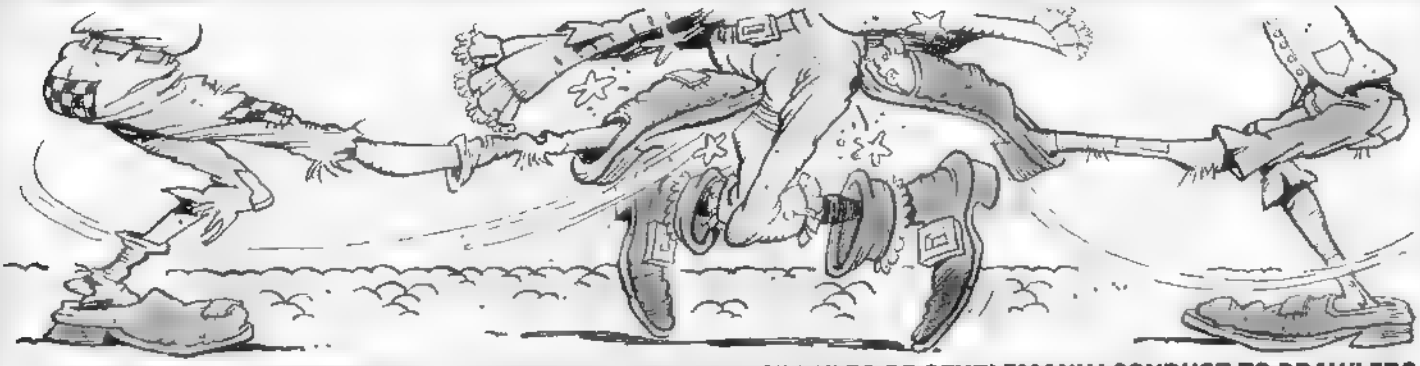


MATHEMATICIAN PYTHAGORAS STUMBLING ACROSS HYPOTENUSE

A PILGRIM MISSING THE FAMOUS LANDING AT PLYMOUTH ROCK



ADMIRAL BYRD BEING CAUGHT BY SUDDEN SPRING THAW WHILE ON SECOND SOUTH POLAR EXPEDITION

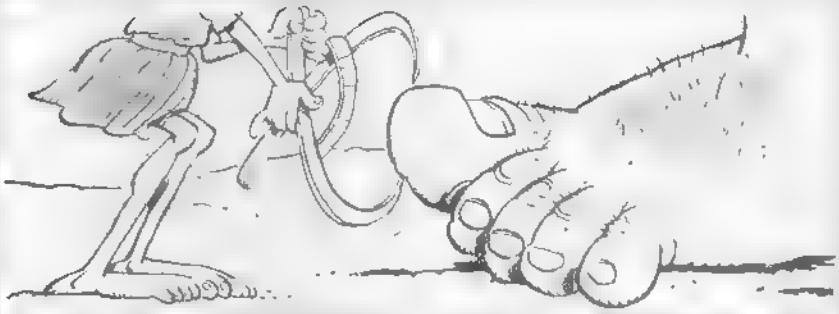


THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY ATTEMPTING TO INTRODUCE RULES OF GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT TO BRAWLERS

OME LEGENDARY FEETS

INVENTOR OTIS INSTALLING THE VERY FIRST ELEVATOR

SIGMUND FREUD PRACTICING BEFORE HIS COUCH WAS DELIVERED



DAVID'S TRAINER SCOUTING GOLIATH FOR THE UPCOMING MATCH

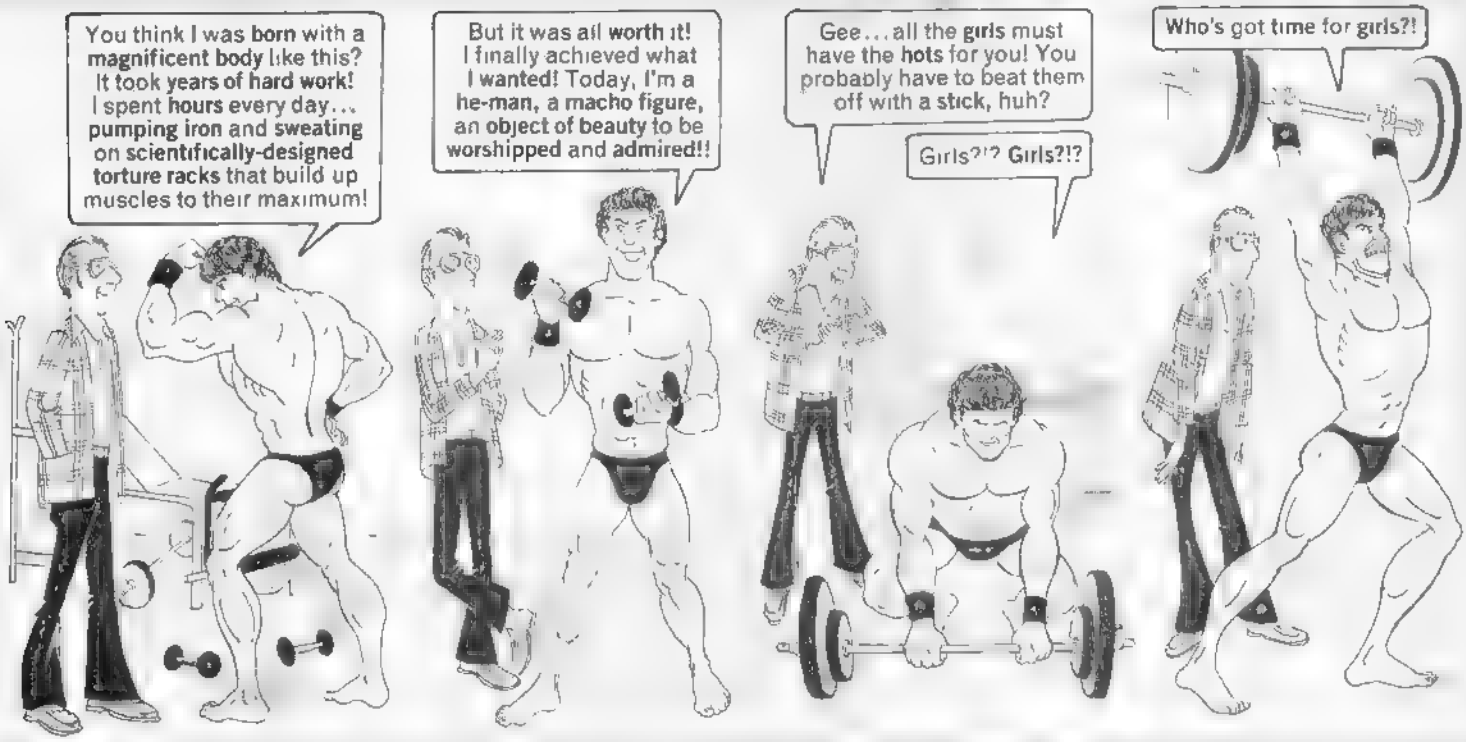
ARTIST: BOB JONES WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

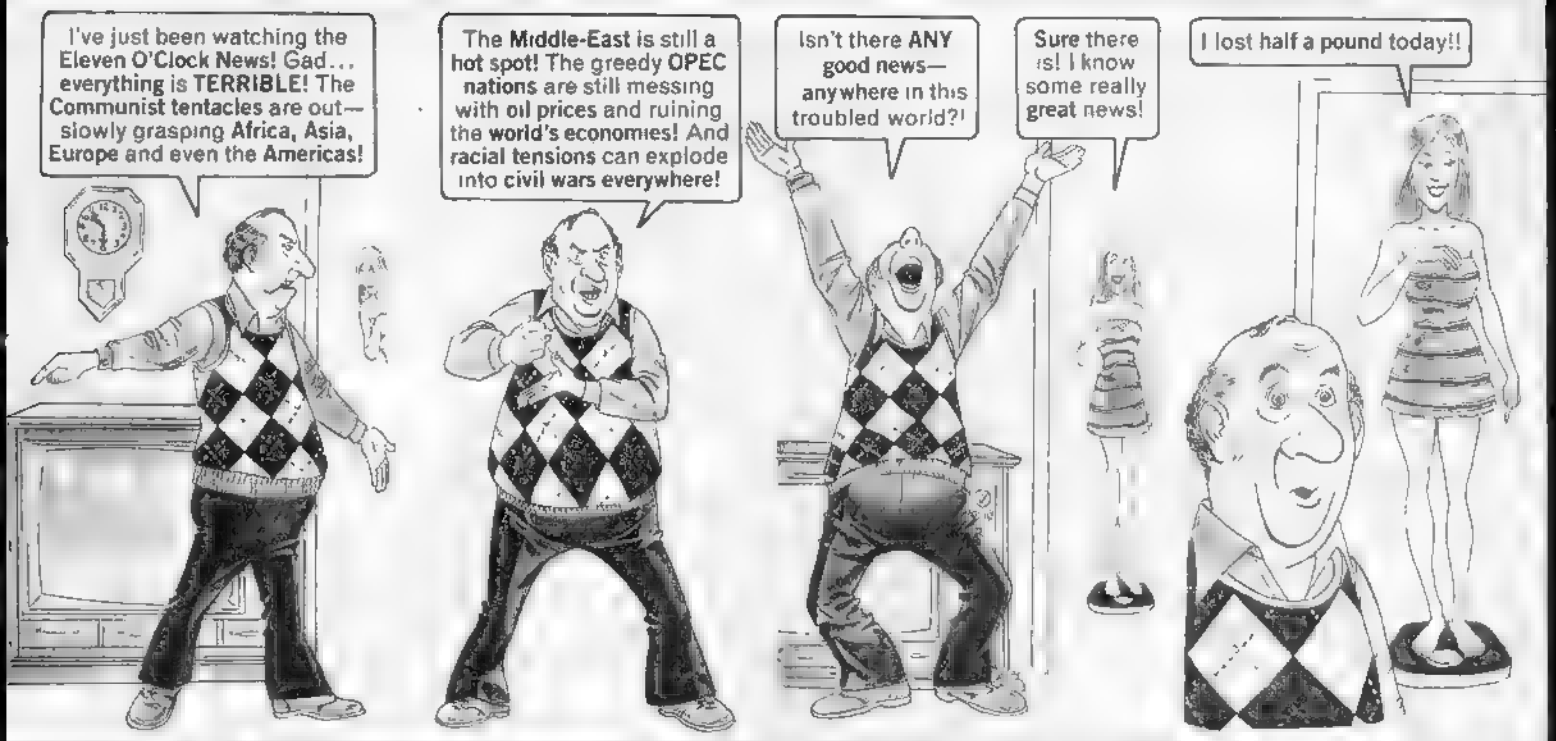
PHARAOH DEDICATING PYRAMID OF CHEOPS' CORNERSTONE

HANNIBAL DESCENDING THE ALPS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

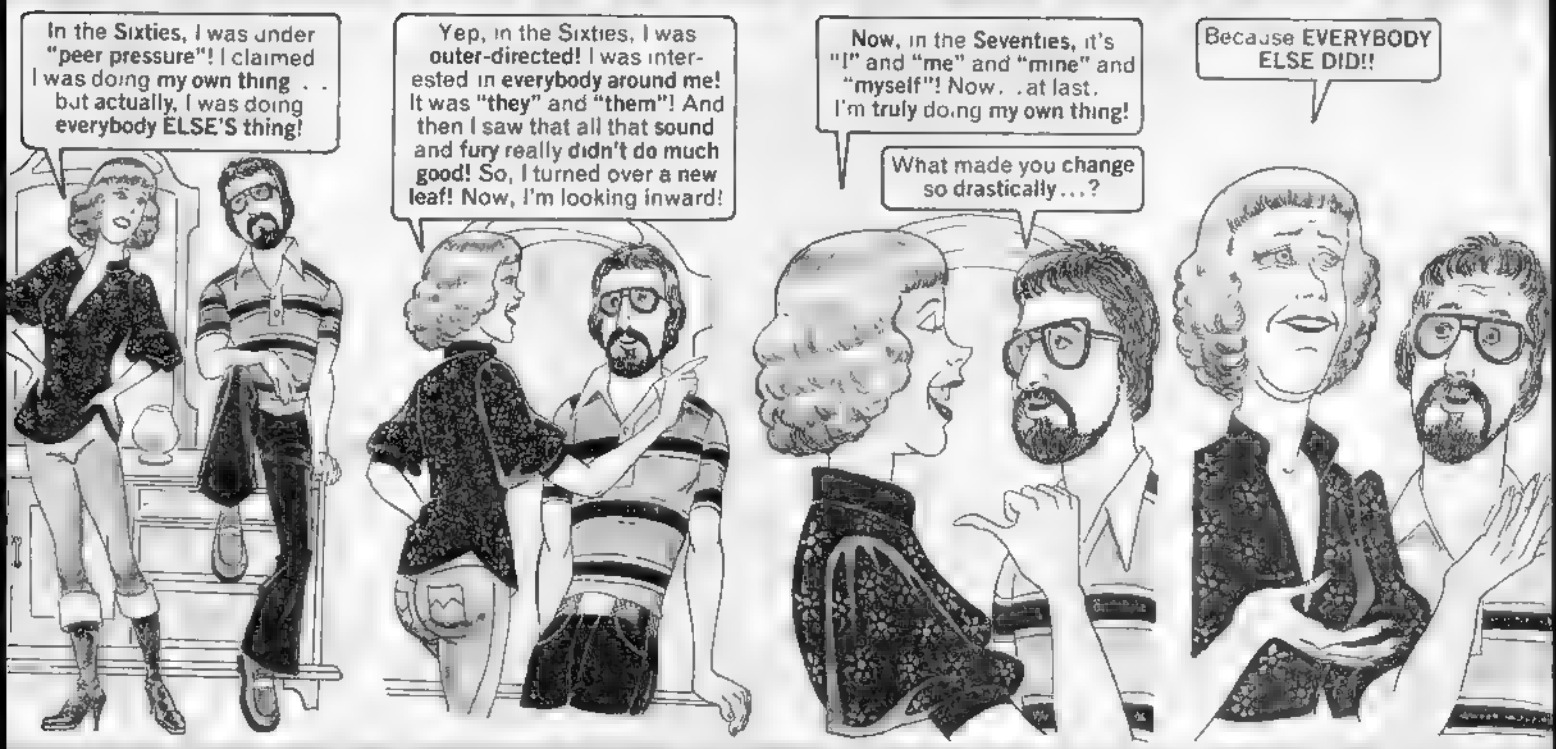
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... The "m





"E" Generation

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



There was a popular song that affected my whole life! It inspired me to leave home and become independent of my domineering parents! And now, I'm changing my personality!

I'm patterning myself after my heroes! I'm developing the diplomacy of a Kissinger, the agility of an O.J. Simpson, the charm of a Cary Grant.

...and the wit of a Johnny Carson!

That's great! But what was the name of the song??

"I Gotta Be Me"!!

MISS Vivian Lipson?!? I thought you were married!!

I am! But I kept my maiden name! I didn't want to be known as MRS. Don Furd! I wanted to be ME, without losing my identity!

I didn't want to be a nothing Housewife! I wanted to be an individual... a SOMEBODY!! So I went out and got a job with a large corporation!

And what did they call you on the job...??

Number 803-78-0699!!

Hold it right there, young man! Where do you think YOU'RE going?

I've got to tell Sybil something TERRIBLY IMPORTANT!

When I was in college, my Professors marked and rated me! I hated that!!

Then I started living with a girl! She began marking and rating me on my sexual performance! I got sick of being judged constantly... so I quit college, and I broke up with the girl!

I even gave up sex! Now, I use up all that energy jogging!

Speaking of jogging—

On a scale of one to ten, as a runner, I rate you a five!

I'm on a frantic quest to remake myself into a more fulfilled person! It takes all day and night, and week-ends! There's my Dance Lessons, my Health Spa, my EST Meetings and my Guru, to name a few!
But doesn't all this self-centeredness bother your Husband?!?
It sure did! That's why he left me, and we were divorced!!
Gee, that's really terrible!
No, it's not! I'm a liberated, independent woman!!
Who needs a Husband!?!
ALIMONY!! That, I need!!
Under no circumstances is Sybil to be disturbed! She is meditating! She is in an altered state of consciousness! Her metabolic rate is lowered! She is totally serene and at peace! I will not allow you to disturb her tranquility with any negativeness!
But NOTHING, young man! You can use some of her serenity yourself! Just give me the message and in twenty minutes, when she's finished, I will relay your news to her!
Okay, if that's the way you want it! At that point in time, just tell her in a calm manner that.
.. her apartment's on fire!!
Every Tuesday, I go to my GROUP THERAPY session! It's done wonders for me!
I get up in front of all those friendly faces, and I let it all hang out! I spill my guts! I—I purge myself of the things I've bottled up inside me that have been troubling me all my life! Le'me tell you, getting things off your chest to a group of sympathetic people is fantastic!
After I finish unburdening myself, each member of the group in turn gets up and tells his sad tale of woe!
Doesn't it become tiresome—hearing everybody's troubles?
WHO LISTENS. .?!?

I am SAVED! I am a BORN AGAIN PERSON!

Before that, I was a reprobate, a drug addict, a drunkard, an adulterer, a devil-worshipper! Then I repented and was reborn!

Let me show you the true way! If you don't repent your sins... you'll burn in Hell!

But ..I've never sinned!! I have nothing to repent!!

Then there's NO HOPE for you!!

But I've done ENOUGH talking about me! Now it's YOUR turn! YOU talk about me!

That's such an OLD JOKE! I think you're FULL of old jokes and old cliches!

I think you're selfish and self-centered! I think you're a bore! I think you're callous to other people's feelings! I think you're a phony intellectual! I think you're shallow! I think you're immature...

I think you listen, but you hear only what you want to hear! And I think that's a good summary of what you are!

Hardly...!

All you did was talk about what YOU think! You didn't say ANYTHING about ME!!

I made up my mind that I'd do everything in my power to bring out the "real me"!

So, I searched for the real me by joining all kinds of "self help" groups! I paid my dues to Scientology, Maharishi Ji, Krishna Consciousness, Naropa, Sufi, Yoga, Astrology— You name it...I joined it!!

And then...one day...I discovered the REAL ME!!

I'm the WORLD'S BIGGEST SUCKER!!

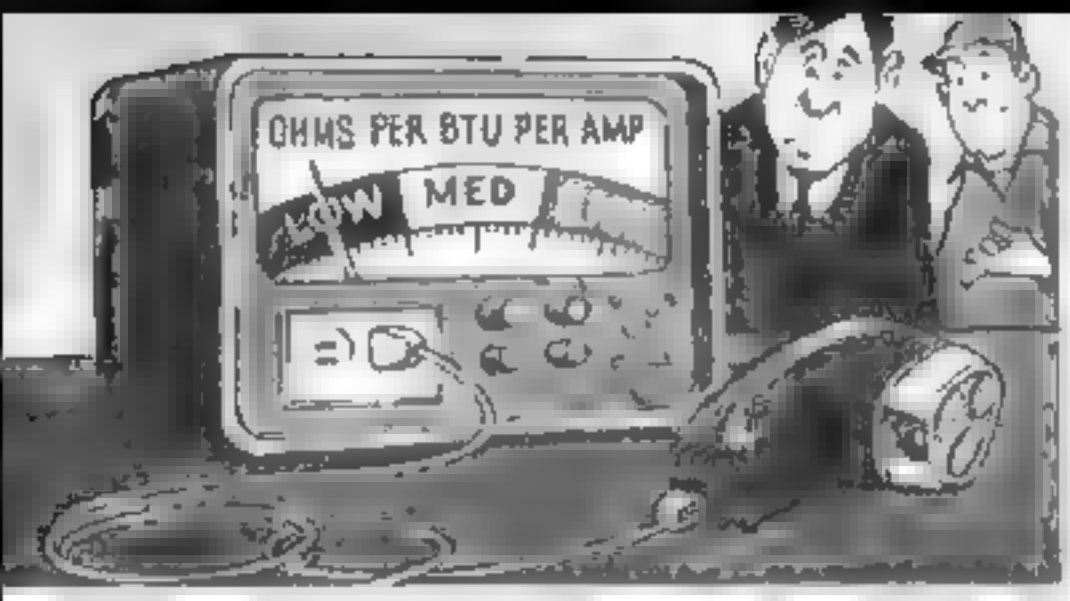
David Berg

Please don't put graffiti on the walls

FLEECE CIRCUS DEPT.

We're always panic-stricken whenever a car or an appliance breaks down and must be entrusted to a repairman. Suddenly, we experience a creeping fear that the job will take twice as long, and the Repairman will think of ways to make it cost three times as much as expected. MAD has long been fascinated with this universal phobia about Repairmen. After all, these guys come from various backgrounds and have been trained for their jobs in various ways. So how come they've gained identical reputations for stalling us, humiliating us, double-talking us and overcharging us? Now MAD finds that it's no coincidence at all! Repairmen are feared and shunned because they all equip themselves with the same devious gadgets bought from the same shady supply house! We recently came into possession of that firm's secret catalogue, and as a public service to victims of rascally repairmen everywhere, we herewith present...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH



PHONY ELECTRIC TEST—O—METER pays for itself in no time by convincing skeptical customers of the need for costly repairs with Gadget. Actually measures nothing but your shop's altitude above sea level. However, the handsomely calibrated dial seems to say, that new parts are needed for any appliance being tested, including TV sets, washers and even iron fry pans

63101—"DIAL-M-FOR—MONEY" BRAND TESTER $48.75

"1,001 BORING ANECDOTES." This amazing book boosts profits by letting you add many extra hours of labor charges for time actually spent chatting with customers. Contents are cross indexed to insure that any comments made by customer will lead you naturally into long, dull stories about vacation spots on Lake Huron, your sick dog, floor wax removal techniques or any of the book's other 998 time wasting topics

32287—PRATTLE-FOR-PROFIT ANECDOTE BOOK $11.50

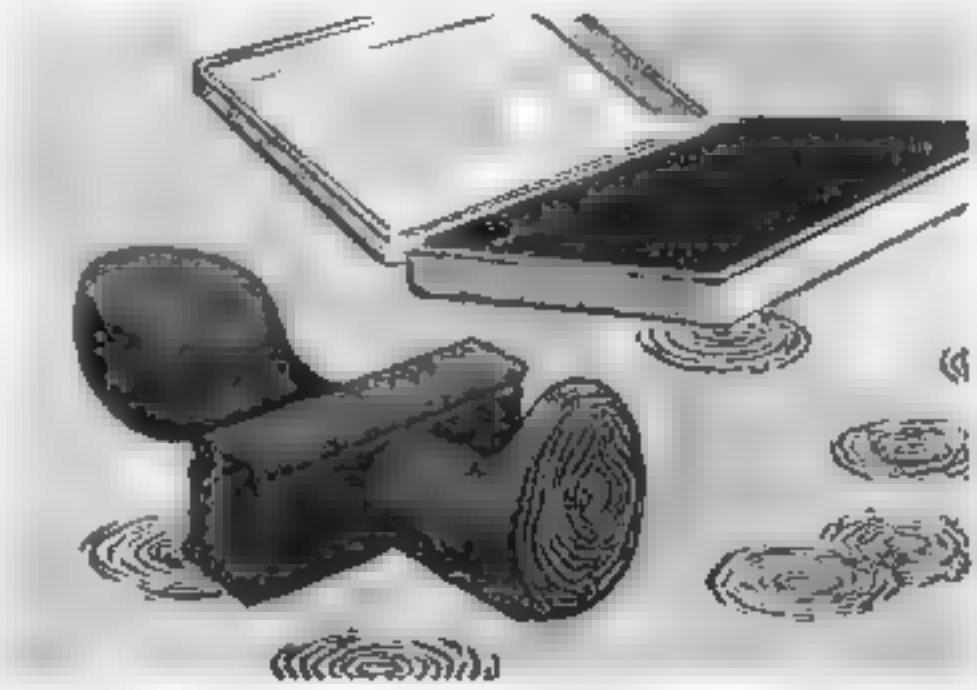
MADDENING TV "LOANERS" make customers so happy to get their own sets back that they often fail to notice how you botched the repair work. These small screen beauties are all professionally adjusted to provide plenty of flopover and snow, even in strongest reception areas. Available in grain black-and-white or deluxe "green people-purple grass" color models

29093—PUTRID PICTURE TV SET $26.50

29094—EVEN WORSE COLOR MODEL $79.75

LEAVE BLACK THUMB PRINTS WITHOUT SOILING YOUR REAL HANDS! Lifelike imitation thumb helps you cover objects with enough dirty prints to assure even dubious customers that you spent hours working on their possessions. Includes indelible ink pad to simplify smudging of woodwork, leather, paste bathroom tile, etc., while you keep your own thumbs kissingly clean

74388—"THUMB FUN" INDELIBLE SMUDGER $8.98



"ALIBI IKE" PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE lets you present a variety of creative excuses for not issued work without enduring the [illegible] of talking to your customers in person. [illegible] recording time expired [illegible] you know you're a [illegible] A [illegible] for these [illegible] [illegible]

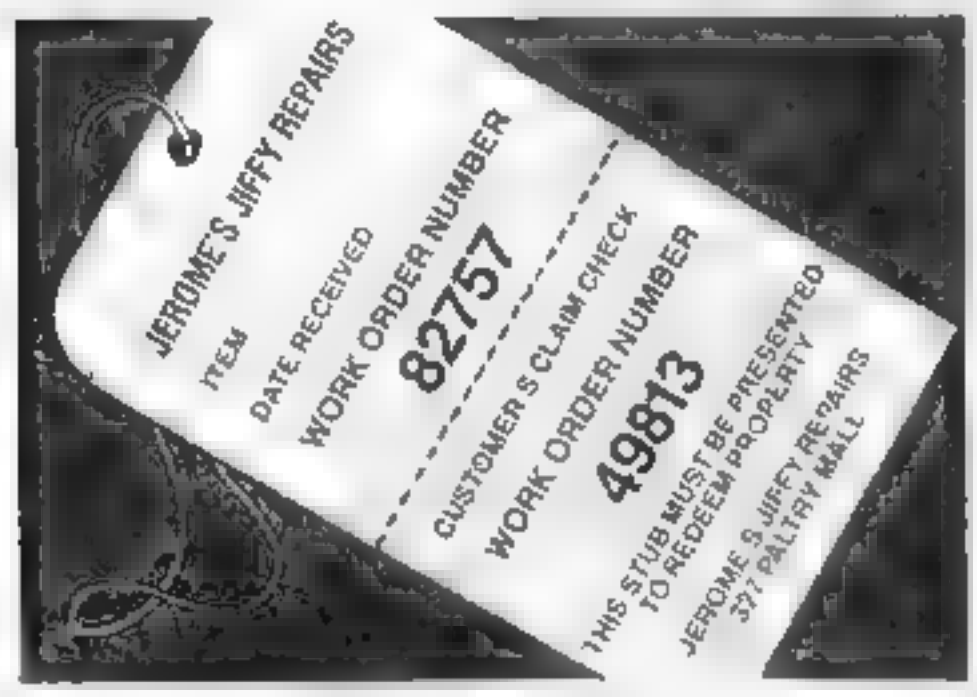
11376—WHINE O FONE ANSWERING MACHINE $347.50

WIN PUBLIC TRUST BY WEARING FAKE RELIGIOUS MEDALS! These aluminum beauties are really World War [illegible] dog tags issued by the Austro Hungarian Empire. Let the gullible will assume that you're a devout person who lives by the Golden Rule. Best of all, you can still swindle without fear of sacrilege since the Austro Hungarians weren't even on our side in the war.

47105—"HOLY TERROR" BRAND PHONY MEDALS . . . . . $14.50 doz.

RENT A SHAPELY BLONDE CASHIER to divert customers' attention from the exorbitant bills they are receiving. Each of these overly developed ladies has been trained to operate such complex office machines as pencil sharpeners and rubber stamps while simultaneously flashing enough charm to make $83 seem like a small price to pay for having a loose wire tightened.

38862—CHEAP, CHARMING CHICK CHARTER SERVICE . . $275 per week



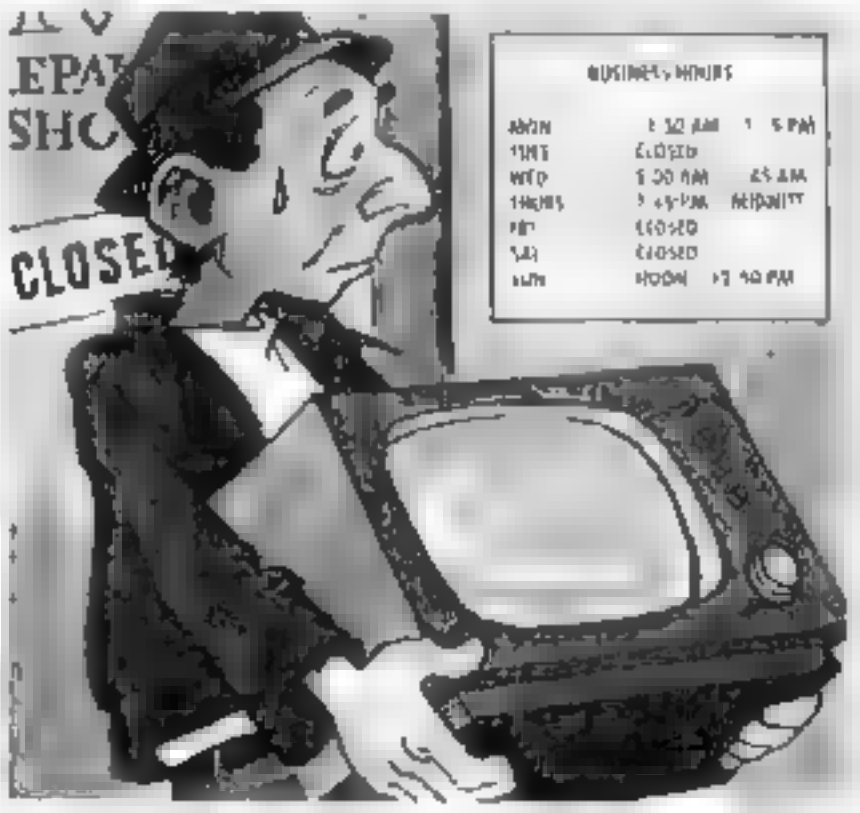
CLAIM CHECKS WITH MIS-MATCHED NUMBERS produce instant horror for your customers. Numbers printed on customers' stubs never seem to match the ticket on any item in your shop. Systematic mistakes you keep at [illegible] for the sake of [illegible] customers who will be too ashamed to notice that you failed to do repair work.

28533—MATCHLESS CLAIM CHECKS . . . . . $12.89 per 1,000

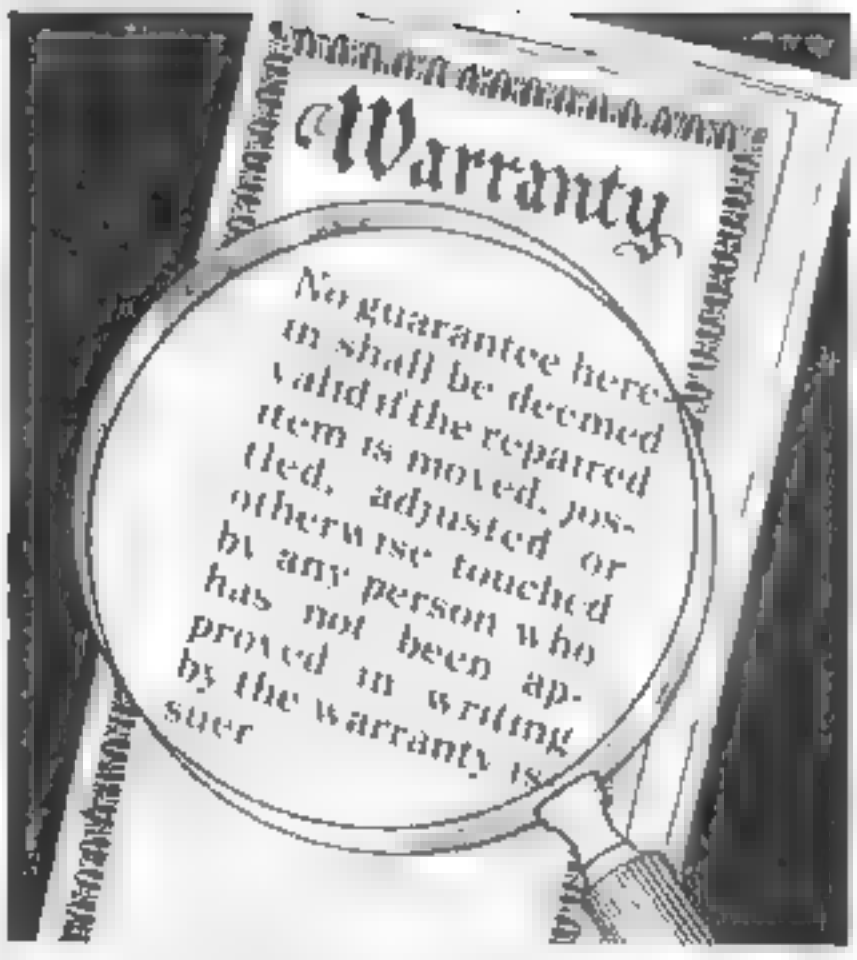
AUTHENTIC LOOKING TRADE PUBLICATION COVERS fit snugly over your copies of Hustler and Penthouse to make waiting customers think you're up to date on all technical data. Durable slip-on phonies include such impressive but non-existent magazines as *The Metric Equivalent Quarterly*, *Wrench and Ratchet* and *The Midwestern Cam Shafter*.
21217—COVERS FOR COMPLETELY UNCOVERED GIRLIE BOOKS . . . . . $6.50 doz.

NOTHING BEATS PLASTER DUST for making any room look as if you've been doing some sort of vital work in it. We have contracted with a fine old wrecking company in Michigan for their plaster crumbs from all of the condemned hotels and abandoned Edsel plants that it demolishes. Sprinkle a heaping portion around on your next home repair job, and see how it impresses customers with your work methods.
55286—TRUSTY, DUSTY PLASTER PARTICLES . . . . . $6.25 per 100 lbs

"HOKEY" MOTHER PHOTO works wonders when displayed on work bench or shop wall. Mushy inscription helps wipe out customers natural fear that you are a slimy, rotten conniving thief. Woman depicted in handsomely framed photo is a professional model who has been trained to wear the placid smile of one whose children all turned out well.
72781—HELPFUL LITTLE MOTHER PHOTO $11.50



SIGN ANNOUNCING HIGHLY IRREGULAR BUSINESS HOURS can be a source of endless sadistic pleasure as you force pathetic customers to return time after time in hopes of finding your shop open. Ultimately leads to many high cost house calls as appliance owners become incapacitated by hernias from their repeated efforts to bring heavy items to you.
85189—"HOURS OF PLEASURE" BUSINESS SIGN $4.98



MEANINGLESS WARRANTY FORMS have been riddled with loopholes to free you from all responsibility for the work you do. Confusing terms printed in microscopic type allow you to surprise customers by charging full price each time you botch up the same job

31907—WEASLE-WORDED WARRANTIES $11.50 per 100

LET LIFELIKE LEGS quickly convince new customers that your one-man repair shop actually employs a full staff of busy working mechanics. Each set authentically contains a right and left foot in your choice of shoe size (4AA to 13EEE) for convincing placement under jacked-up cars, dry-docked boats, damaged sofas, etc

37616—"FANCY FOOTWORK" BRAND MECHANIC'S LEGS . . . . . $46 pair

37617—SAME, BUT WITH GOLD SLAVE BRACELET ON ONE ANKLE . . . . $375 pair

BOGUS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATES can go a long way toward quelling public suspicious about your incompetence. Our impressively framed documents falsely certify that you are a master of your trade who also belongs to a respected professional association in addition to doing whatever you do by special appointment to Her Majesty, The Queen

11502—ASSORTED, PURPORTED EXPERT'S CERTIFICATES . . . . . $4.50 ea.

MEANINGLESS MOTTO BUSINESS CARDS help you win confidence of new victims without actually lying. Clever phrasing impresses all with your reliability, but has been cleared by our legal department for safe use by bunko artists, swindlers and even convicted felons still out on bail. Select the motto of your choice below, and send it with name, address and cash for prompt printing service

22306—MOTTO: "THE SHOP YOU'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER" . . . . . $12 per 500

22307—MOTTO: "WHEN YOU WANT DONE WHAT WE DO" . . . . . $13 per 500

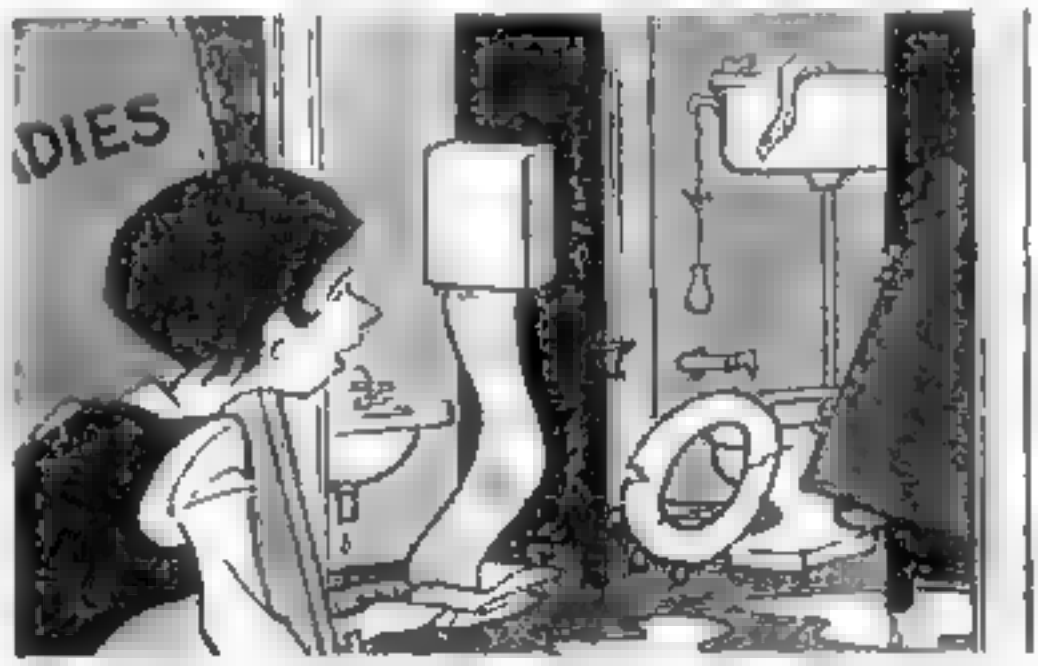
22308—MOTTO: "THE HOME OF INCREDIBLE SERVICE" . . . . . $14 per 500

"SOUNDS OF WORK" TAPE CASSETTE discourages customers from bothering busy shop personnel during lunch hours, coffee breaks, nap periods, card games, etc. Realistic recording provides two full hours of industrial clatter that sounds for all the world like frantic activity in your back room work area. Let it play from morning 'til night. You'll be pleased with the results.

55342—RECORDED RESOUNDING RACKET $6.79

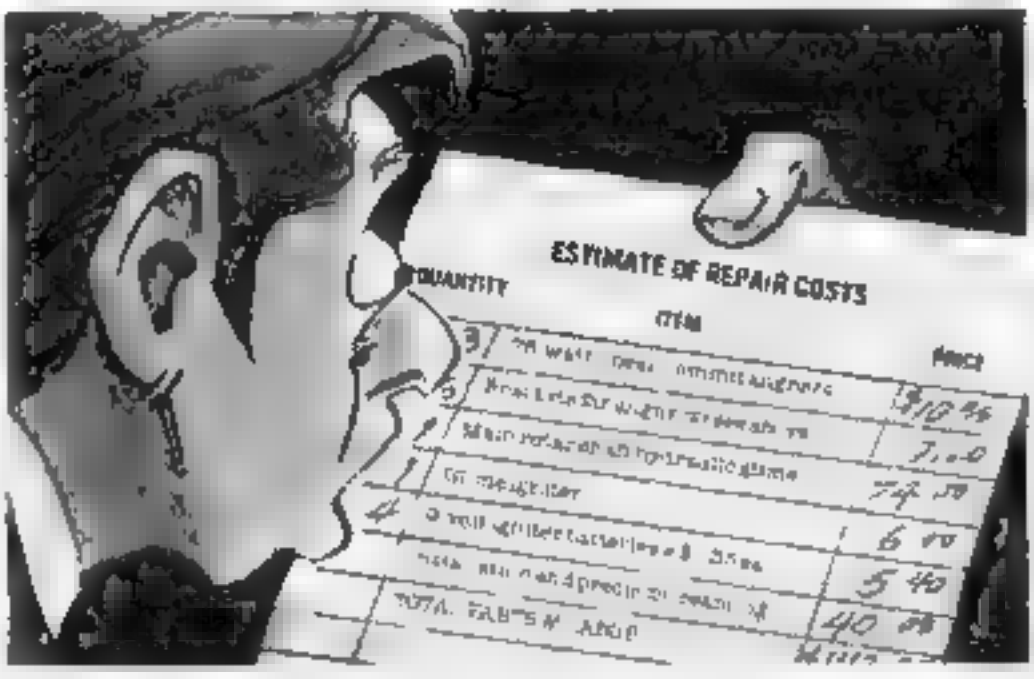
FANTASTIC KIT LETS YOU FILTHY UP YOUR REST ROOM so customers will be forced to go home and use their own plumbing facilities. Scheme cleverly prevents clients from hanging around to see how little work you do. Kit includes door hinge remover, grimy roller towel, two broken faucets (both marked COLD), cracked "Instant Agony" toilet seat and quart-size jar of flies.

87836—RAUNCHY REST ROOM KIT $67.88



"DOUBLE TALK" WORK ESTIMATE SHEETS quickly stifle complaints from cheated laymen who hate to admit that they don't understand technical terms. Pre-written forms also boost profits by allowing you to charge for non-existent parts. Terminology has been professionally garbled to permit use in any type of repair shop with never a fear of detection.

31727—CHEAP ESTIMATE SHEETS FOR EXPENSIVE REPAIRS $12 per 100



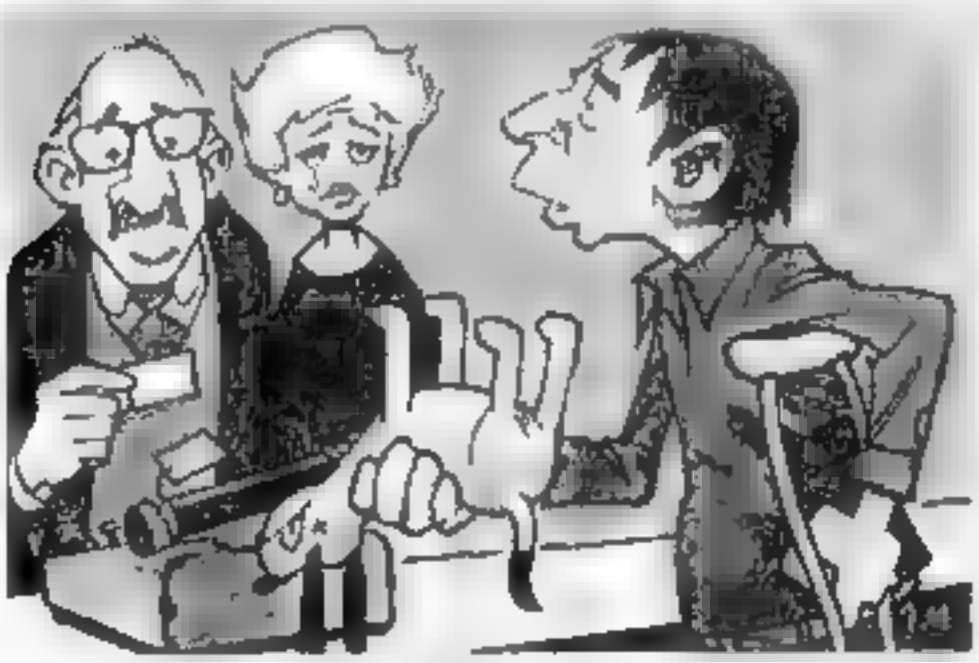
SCIENTIFICALLY PRE-DIRTIED UNIFORM quickly convinces potential clients that you are a hard worker who's not afraid to tackle messy jobs. Black smudges are woven into the fabric to end periodic nuisance of rolling on a greasy floor to make coveralls look grimy enough. Best of all, simulated dirt won't rub off on bed sheets during your afternoon nap.

84157—CRUD-COVERED COVERALLS . . . . . $11.50 pr

(Specify Size Desired
Small, Medium, Large or Grotesque)

RETURNING WORN-OUT PARTS TO CUSTOMERS does much to convince them that you installed needed replacements, even though you probably didn't. Let us help you with this tickish problem by offering our full line of worn-out, grease-coated junk. All items have been bent and pounded by hand to make them pass for whatever auto, TV or home appliance part you claim you replaced.

20933—MUDDY, CRUDDY, GREASY, SLEEZY JUNK PARTS . . . . . 69¢ lb



SAD STORY SUPPLY KIT offers every prop you'll need to win sympathy from all, despite your sloppy work. Includes crutches, arm sling, artificial dead dog, photos of sick baby, etc., designed to convince even your most irate victims that you've had a terrible day and shouldn't be yelled at. Many kit users report a 50% drop in their hassles with the Better Business Bureau.

76255—PROFITABLE, PITIFUL PROP KIT $36.00

HIGH QUALITY AM/FM RADIO LOOKS LIKE A TELEPHONE! Lets you enjoy your favorite music, news or sports programs through earpiece while impatient customers assume you're transacting important business. Comes with hidden floor button that enables you to ring authentic sounding phone bell the instant you spot an irate patron entering your shop.

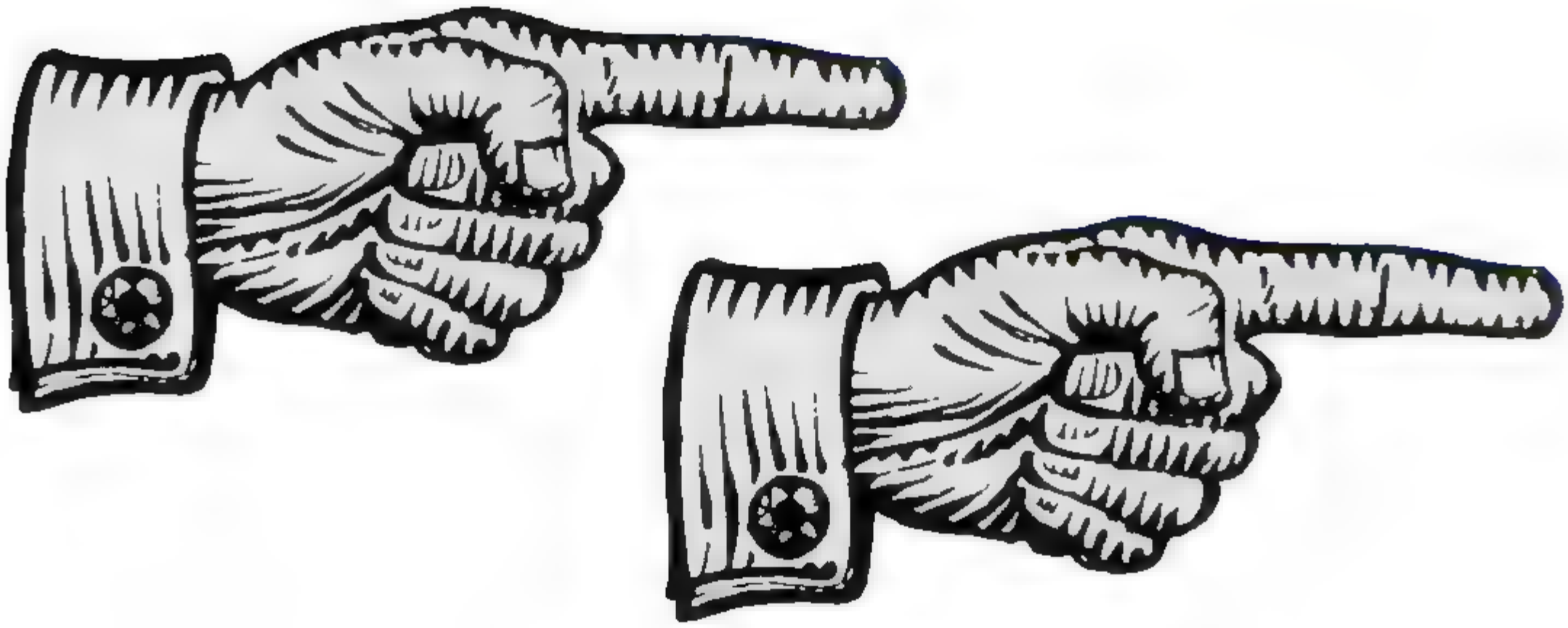
21055—PHONY PHONE . . . $58.25

COMPLEX SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS are proven winners in your battle to turn minor appliance problems into major repair jobs. These bewildering beauties are really government surplus drawings of the electrical system at Grand Coulee Dam. But just watch your confused customers take the bait when you claim they picture the insides of a trash smasher, a crock pot or even an early model water bed.

70895—SLY SCHEMERS' SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS . . . . . $2.50ea.

Nothing to see here!

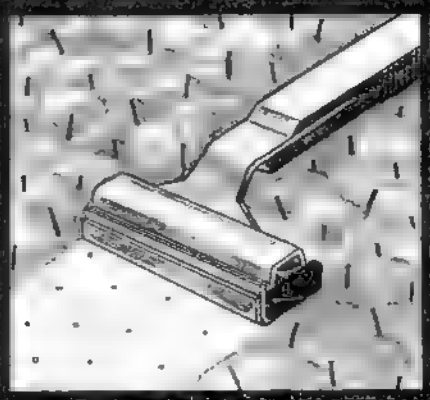
Please skip ahead.



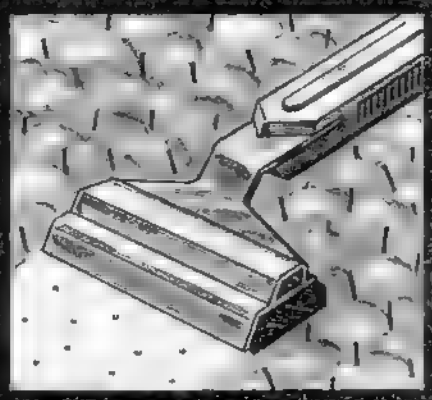
WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHAVE DEPT.

Since the dawn of time, men have been trying to get rid of their unwanted face hair. The only purpose the fuzz seemed to serve was to house insects, obscure vision, and keep track of food eaten by gathering samples of it. When the use of tools was discovered, one of their first applications was the removal of that bothersome beaver. Though crude at first, shaving instruments evolved through the ages until a major breakthrough was made: the invention of the standard safety razor. But this little marvel was so good, it almost ruined the shaving industry. It never broke down, it never needed replacing and it was handed down from father to son. The business looked dead until some genius decided to make razors the way other successful products are made: gimmicky and lousy! First they fooled around with the blades: Blades were made with chromium, platinum, tungsten and teflon, to name a few. Then they started fooling around with the razors themselves: Injector systems, double-bladed heads, swivel heads, etc. Just when you thought they couldn't possibly come up with one more "innovation," another popped up. So now, there's a new, flashier model every few months that makes the old one seem obsolete. And, cleverly, the new blade head won't fit the old handles. So where will it all end? It won't! MAD now projects some future products we're sure to see as we're hurtled deeper and deeper out into

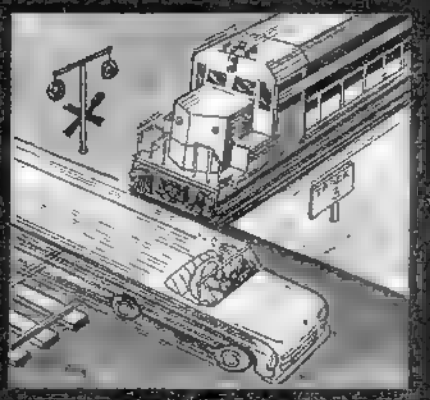
THE SPACE AGE RAZOR RACE



TRAC I
a very close shave



TRAC II
a truly close shave

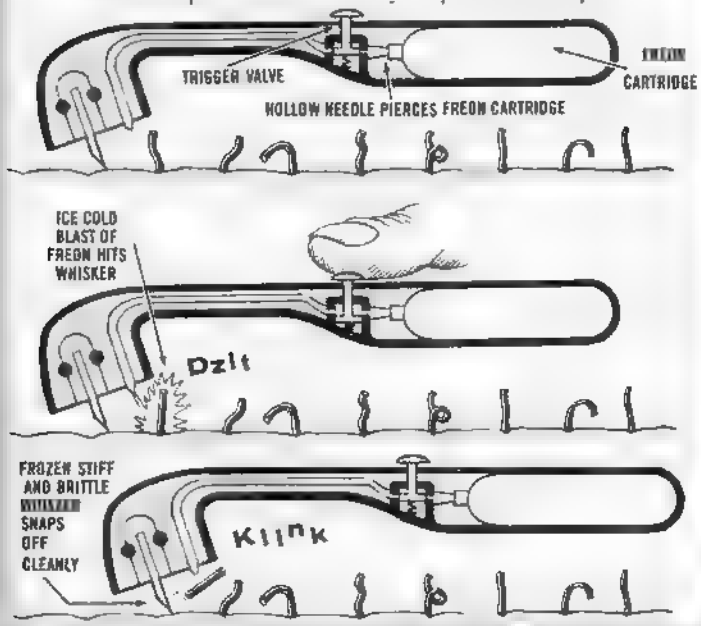


TRAC III
a terrifyingly close shave

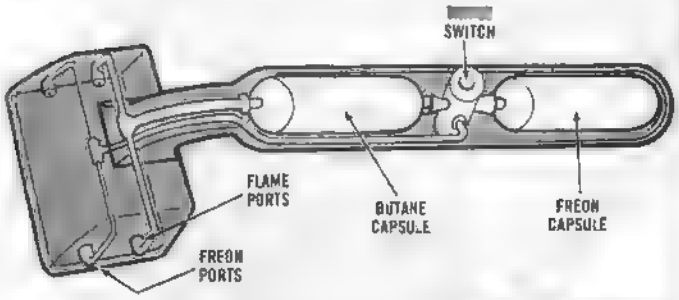
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE IDEA BY: JOHN WICK

THE QUICK-FREEZE RAZOR

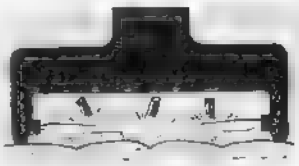
The Quick-Freeze Razor will be a simple but efficient instrument. A replaceable freon cartridge directs a blast of frigid air at beard. As whiskers freeze solid and brittle, an ice scraper follows and easily snaps them cleanly off



THE FLAME-THROWER RAZOR

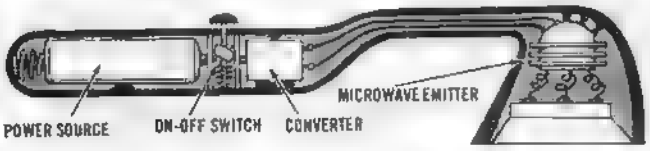


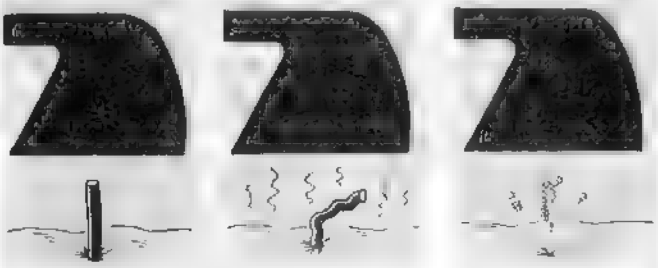
Depressing the trigger switch causes three things to happen simultaneously: (1) It releases butane gas. (2) It ignites the gas, which shoots out flames to sear off whiskers. And (3) Ice cold freon gas is then released which neutralizes the pain of your scorched and burning face.



FRONT VIEW OF FLAME-THROWER RAZOR ON SEARCH-AND-DESTROY MISSION OVER A TOUGH BEARD

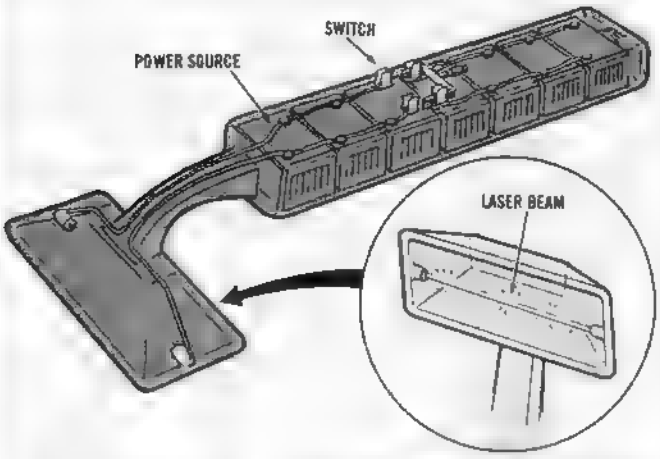
THE MICROWAVE RAZOR



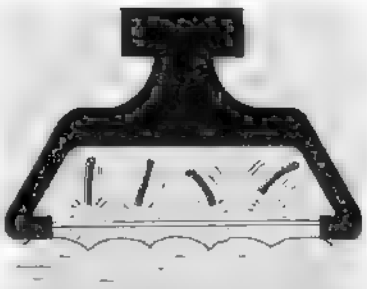


When the Microwave Razor is drawn across whiskers, a high-frequency electromagnetic ray instantly withers hairs and reduces them to ash. Ash is then easily brushed from face

THE LASER RAZOR

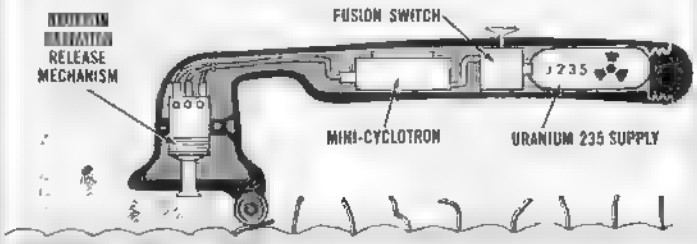


The efficiency of the laser beam is familiar to anyone who has ever seen one pierce an army tank or melt a concrete wall or open a sardine can without a key. By applying the laser beam principle to a shaving implement . . . even the mightiest and toughest beard will easily fall.



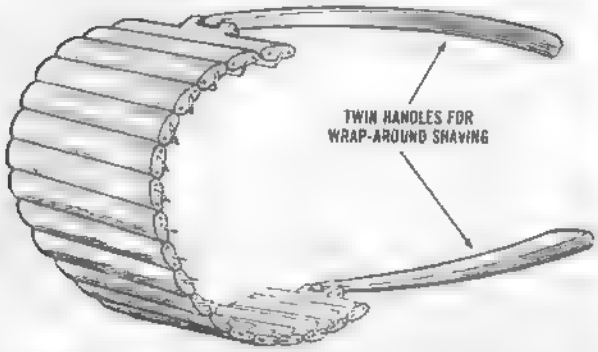
LASER BEAM RAZOR SLICES WHISKERS WITH EASE, PRECISION AND COMFORT

THE NEUTRON RAZOR

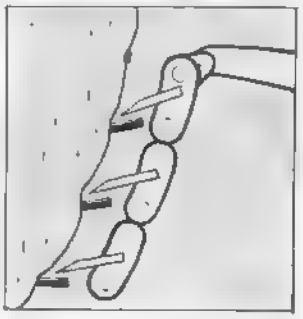


The ultimate shaver of the space age, it will be inspired by that wonderful new military weapon, the neutron bomb —whose claim to glory is that it destroys people without harming buildings. This unique razor will be capable of generating neutron radiation. As it passes over beard, it blasts each hair with miniscule radiation, and—like the great neutron bomb—kills whiskers but doesn't harm face

THE TRAC LXXVI RAZOR

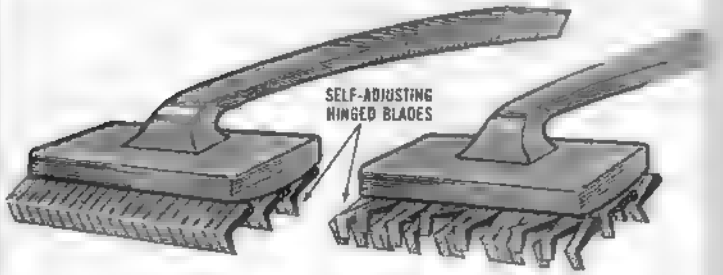


The Trac LXXVI razor will have seventy-six cutting edges on a flexible head that will wrap around an entire face and shave it close and clean in two or three effortless moves.

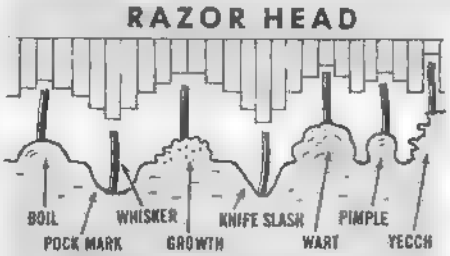


EACH TRAC LXXVI BLADE ENGAGES ITS OWN SEPARATE WHISKER HAIR

THE MULTIBLADE RAZOR

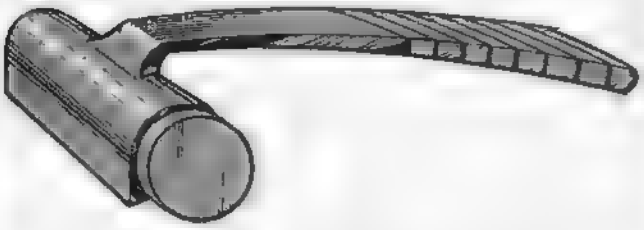


The Multiblade Razor will be created especially for people with special skin problems. Anyone who's ever shaved with an ordinary razor and lopped off pimples, boils and other parts of their uneven face will welcome it. Dozens of tiny hinged blades adjust themselves to user's scraggy, bumpy face

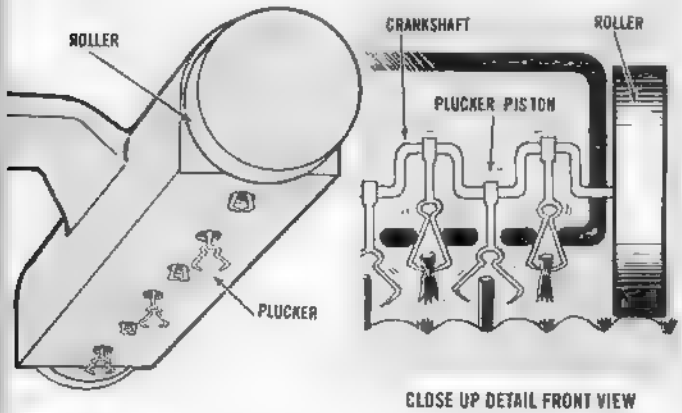


FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS OF UNEVEN SKIN SURFACES SHOWING HOW SELF-ADJUSTING BLADES HANDLE THESE TOUGH PROBLEMS

THE SIMPLE PLUCKER-I RAZOR

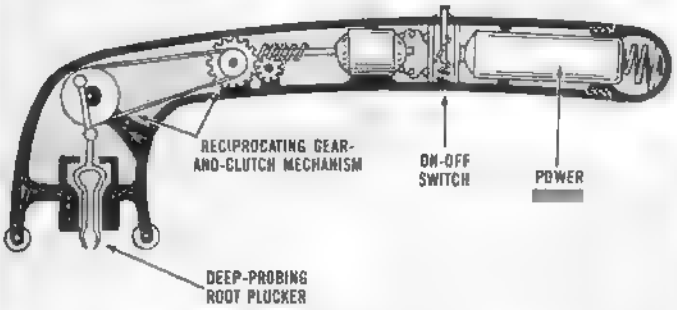


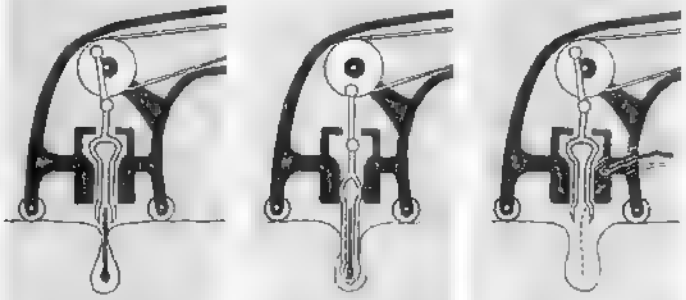
The Simple Plucker-I Razor is activated by rollers attached to a crankshaft. As rollers move across face, the crankshaft causes pluckers to go up and down, making plucking movements. When plucker encounters hair, it is firmly gripped and plucked. User may notice slight twinges of pain at first, but it all happens so fast, he will hardly notice it after a while



CLOSE UP DETAIL FRONT VIEW OF HAIR-PLUCKERS IN ACTION

THE PERMANENT PLUCKER-II RAZOR



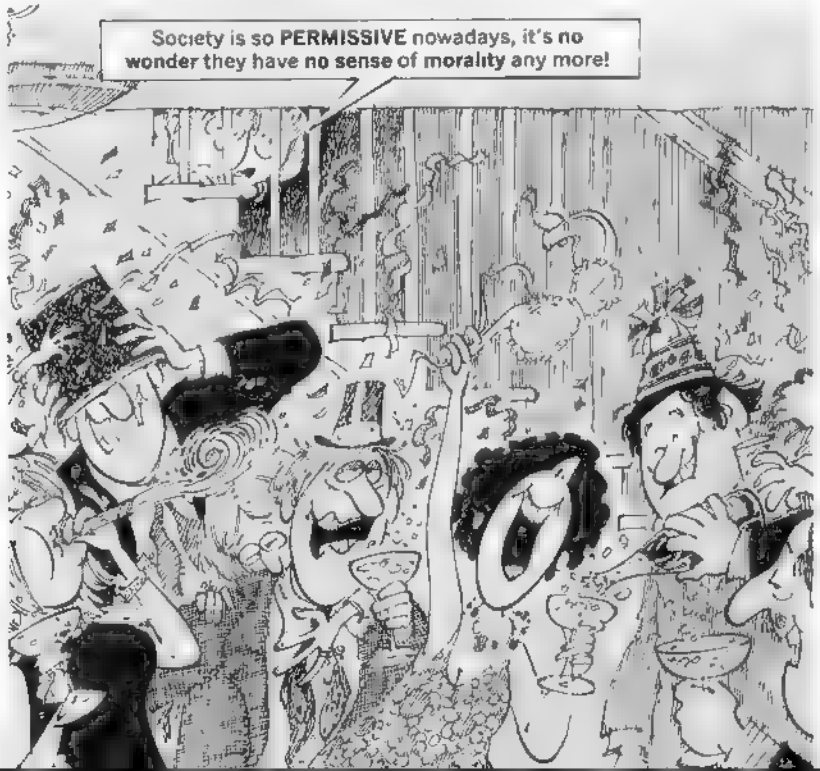


As razor head is drawn over beard, plucker moves rapidly up and down until it comes to a whisker hole. When this happens, plucker goes down to whisker root and yanks it out, completely eliminating the need to ever shave again

UPSETTING THE SCOLD STANDARD DEPT.

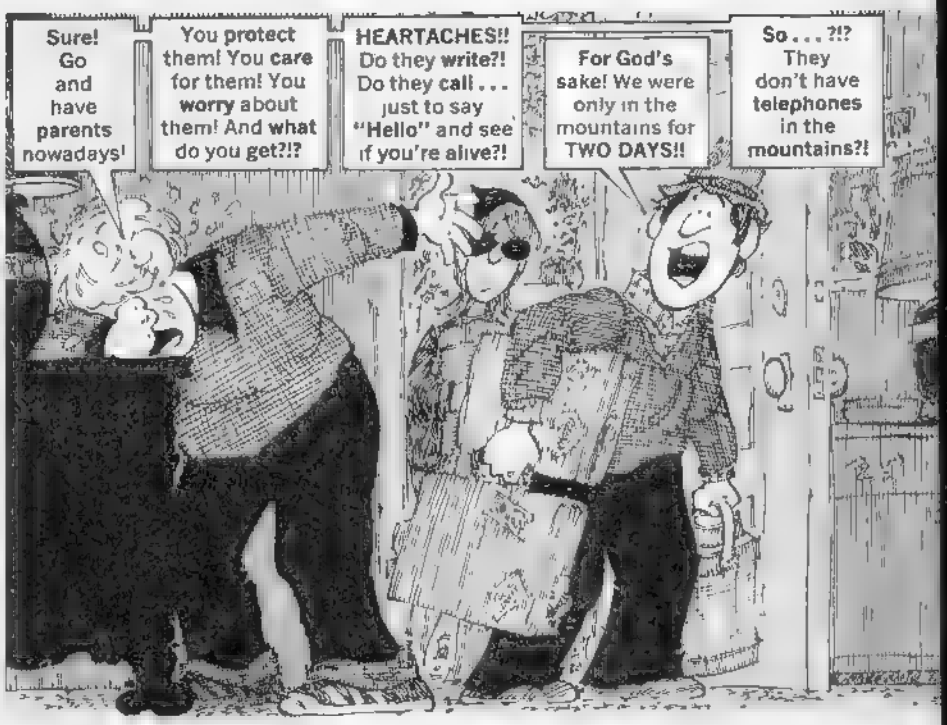
IF CHILDREN TREAT THE WAY THEIR PA

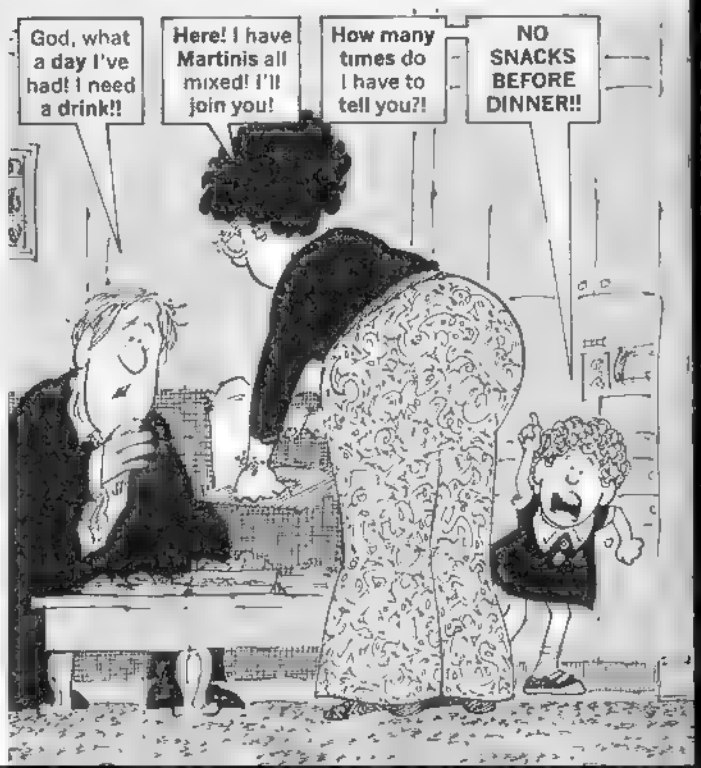
ARTIST PAUL COKER



ED THEIR PARENTS
RENTS TREAT THEM

WRITER: BARRY LIEBMANN





DON MARTIN DEPT.

ONE NIGHT IN THE MIAMI BUS TERMINAL

WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

And now for MAD's version of the weekly TV series about a space ship hurtling through space . . . a space ship jam-packed with hundreds of people . . . a space ship named . . .

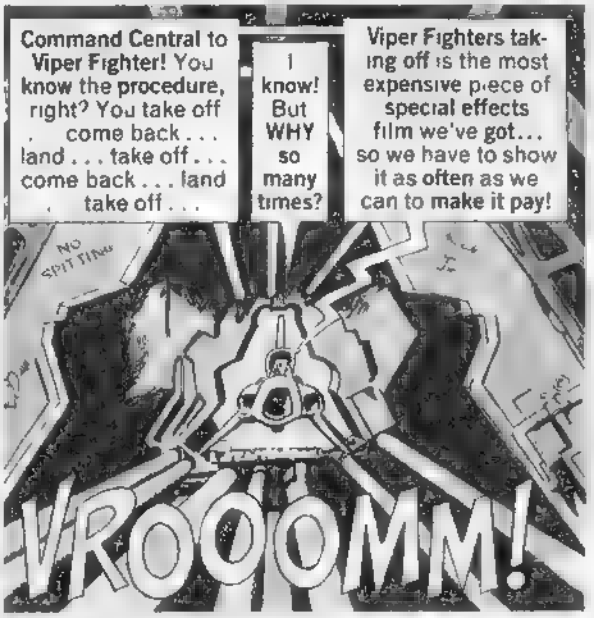
CATTLE CAR GALAXICA

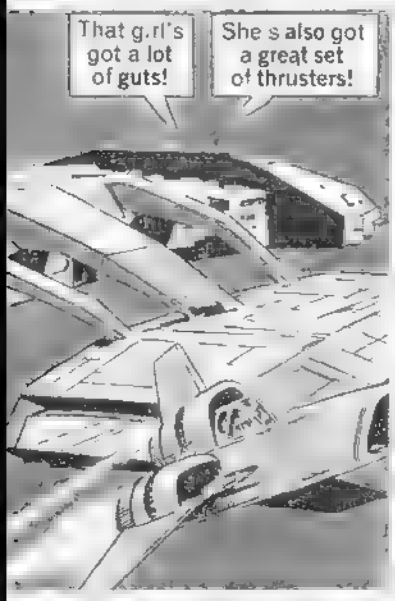
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER DICK DE BARTOLO

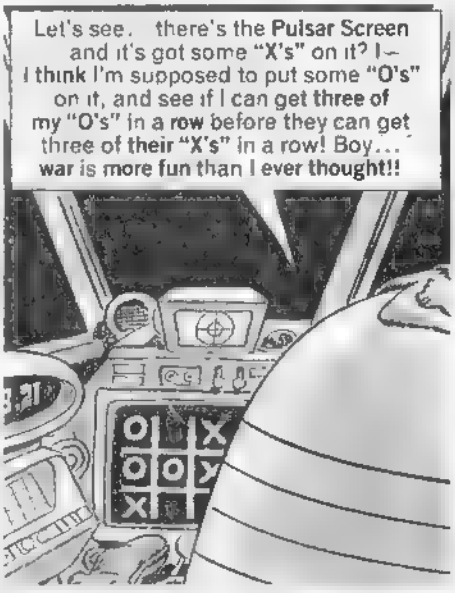
Two Colonial Vipers are over-flying us, oh, wise Baldstar... What should we do...?!?
Turn on the Atomic CuisinArt! It will make mince meat out of their Pulsar Signals! They'll be forced to land!
And if that doesn't work?
Light up the sign that says "FREE FUEL / EATS / BINGO AMAZON GO-GO DANCERS"
That gets 'em every time!

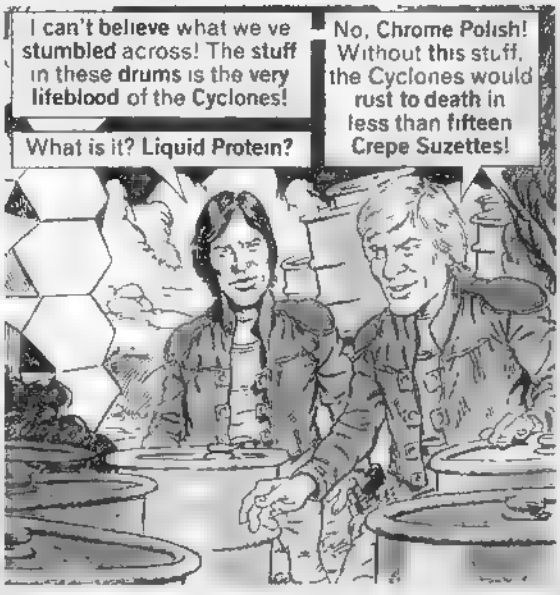
What goes with you, Appalling? You crash-landed again!
What do you mean, "again"?
You crash-landed last week! Remember?
Oh, no, Starbuff! YOU crash-landed last week! We take turns, remember? We alternate on "THE CRASH OF THE WEEK"!

Commander . want permission to take a Viper Fighter and go out and look for Starbuff and Appalling!
A Viper Fighter is a very complex machine, Athinner!
What experience have you had!
I've spent many a night in the Simulator!
And...??
And ENOUGH with the SIMULATOR, already!! I want to go out and find me a REAL LIVE MAN!!
FAIR WARM 73°

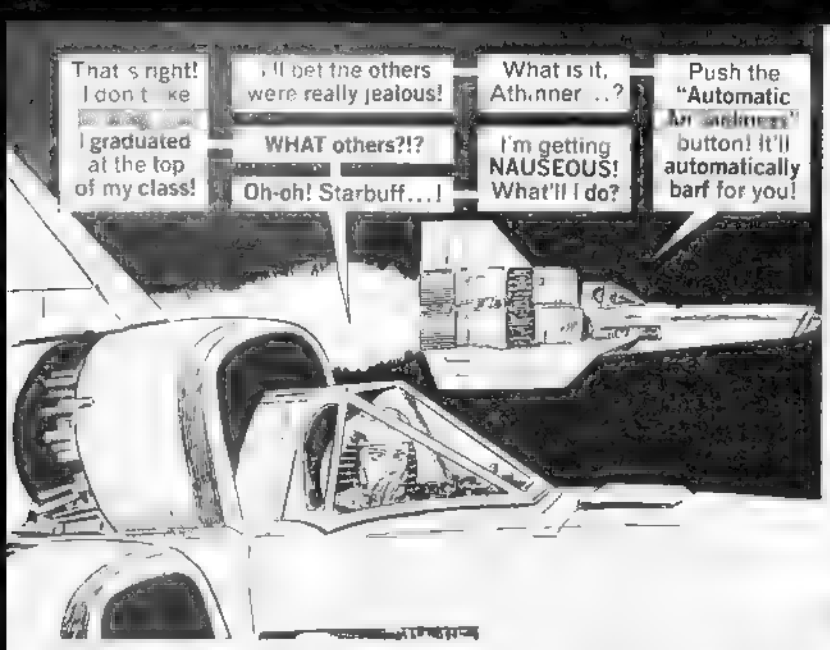

Command Central to Viper Fighter! You know the procedure, right? You take off . come back . . . land . . . take off . . . come back . . . land . take off . . .
I know! But WHY so many times?
Viper Fighters taking off is the most expensive piece of special effects film we've got... so we have to show it as often as we can to make it pay!
NO SPITTING
VROOOMM!


That girl's got a lot of guts!
She's also got a great set of thrusters!

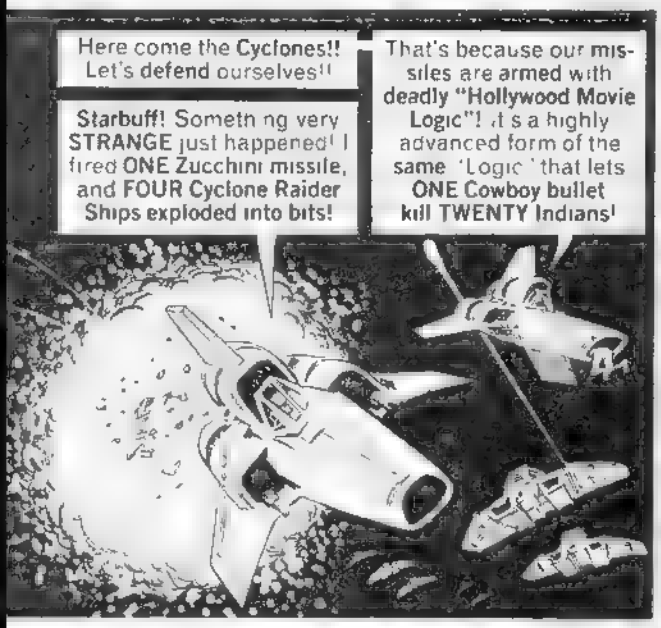

Let's see. there's the Pulsar Screen and it's got some "X's" on it? I— I think I'm supposed to put some "O's" on it, and see if I can get three of my "O's" in a row before they can get three of their "X's" in a row! Boy... war is more fun than I ever thought!!

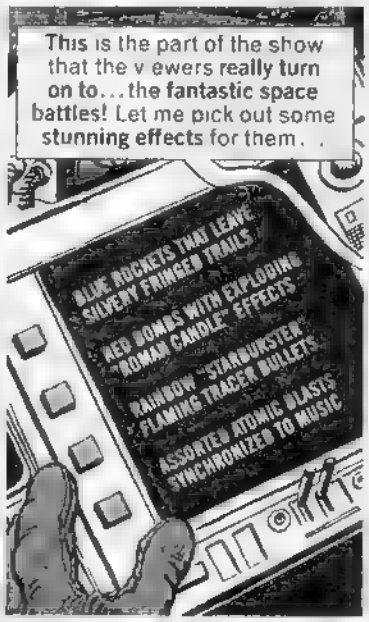

I can't believe what we've stumbled across! The stuff in these drums is the very lifeblood of the Cyclones!
What is it? Liquid Protein?
No, Chrome Polish! Without this stuff, the Cyclones would rust to death in less than fifteen Crepe Suzettes!

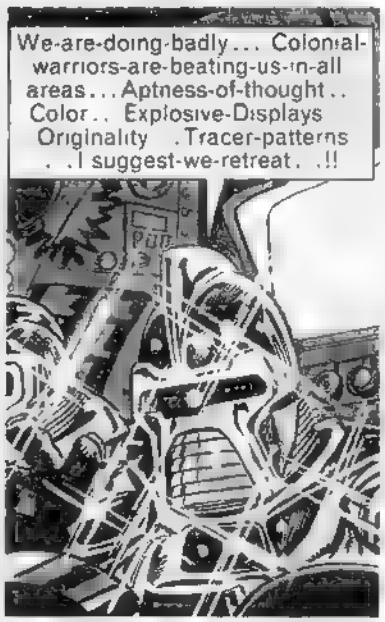
Let's blow up the entire stockpile!
But if we attract attention, the Cyclones are sure to capture us!
Not with this in my hand...the ultimate Cyclone deterrent!
Is that a Quartz Modular Pistol??
More potent than that!
It's a Portable Electric Can Opener!
BOOM
We ! To borrow a joke from the second millenium!...That "polishes them off"! Let's fly away from here pronto, Buddy!
Fly away?! Hey! you forget! My fighter is wrecked!
I know that! But would I leave my Buddy behind?!
Let's go...
Hmmmm! I think Starbuff just invented "No Frills" Viper Flights!!
Excuse me, Most Highly Exalted Ruler of all the Universe, Most Noble Emperor of Outer Space, Most Stupendous—
Lucite...I DO WISH you would learn to show me some RESPECT! Now what IS it?
The two Colonial warriors have escaped!
ESCAPED!?! Didn't I give you specific orders to SNEAK UP on them?!?
Do you know how hard it is for 400 soldiers made of tin—with pin-ball machines for heads—to "sneak up" on anything?!
We ! If we didn't get them on LAND, we'll get them in SPACE!
We are taking steps to do that, Sir! We have sighted TWO Colonial Vipers on our scanners! One is being flown by a beautiful, sexy FEMALE pilot ...and the other is being flown by a beautiful, sexy MALE pilot!
EVERY-BODY turns you AC/DC Robots on, eh?
Colonial Viper up ahead—come in, please! Identify yourself! Identify yourself!
It's Athinner! I came out to find you guys!
But what do you know about flying complicated Viper Fighters...?
It wasn't easy! But I taught myself to push the "Automatic Take-Off" button, flip on the "Automatic Flight" switch and tune in the "Automatic Search and Rescue" control system!
Gee, Athinner, you're a regular female genius!!

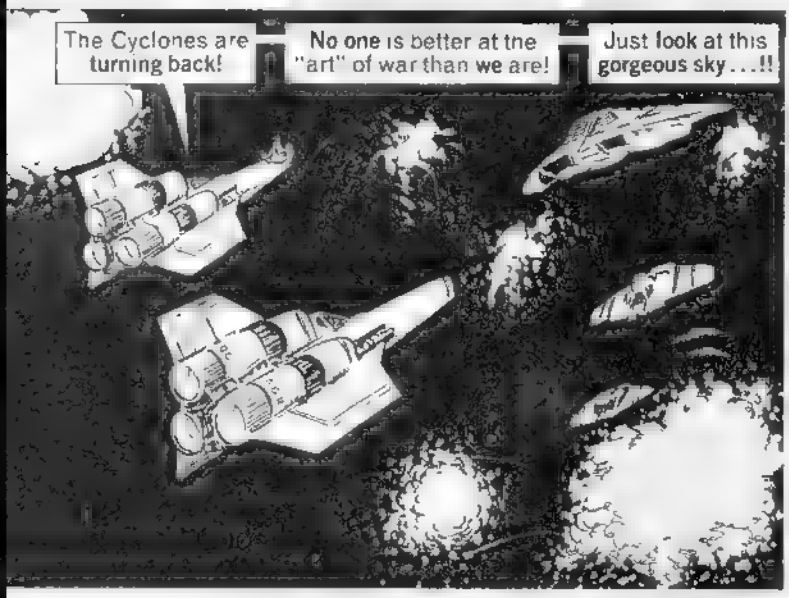

That's right! I don't like
I graduated at the top of my class!
I'll bet the others were really jealous!
WHAT others?!?
Oh-oh! Starbuff...!
What is it, Athanner ..?
I'm getting NAUSEOUS! What'll I do?
Push the "Automatic
button! It'll automatically barf for you!

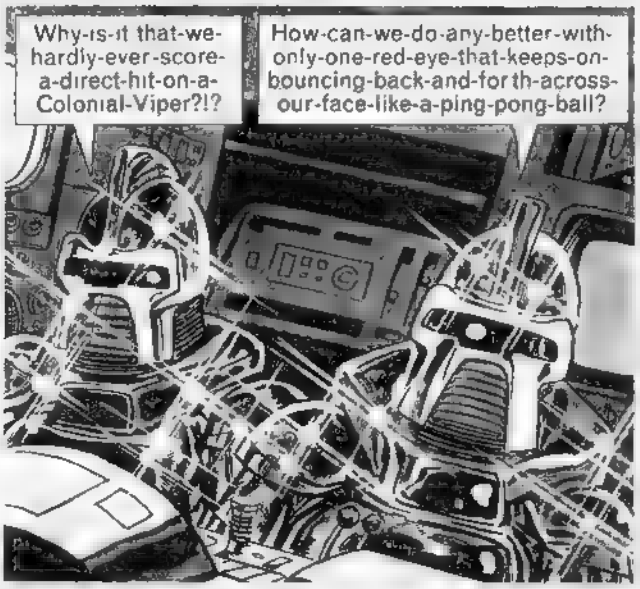
Oh-oh! Son-of-a-bilge! My Warning Farknell just went crazy! Let's see what the read-out says
CYCLONE SHIPS ATTACKING
HOT MACHINE
GOOD TIME TO BARRAH FOR A COMMENCIAL


Here come the Cyclones!! Let's defend ourselves!!
Starbuff! Something very STRANGE just happened! I fired ONE Zucchini missile, and FOUR Cyclone Raider Ships exploded into bits!
That's because our missiles are armed with deadly "Hollywood Movie Logic"! It's a highly advanced form of the same 'Logic' that lets ONE Cowboy bullet kill TWENTY Indians!


This is the part of the show that the viewers really turn on to... the fantastic space battles! Let me pick out some stunning effects for them..
BLUE ROCKETS THAT LEAVE SILVERY FRINGED TRAILS
RED BOMBS WITH EXPLODING "ROMAN CANDLE" EFFECTS
RAINBOW "STARBURSTER" FLAMING TRACER BULLETS
ASSORTED ATOMIC BLASTS SYNCHRONIZED TO MUSIC


We-are-doing-badly... Colonial-warriors-are-beating-us-in-all areas... Aptness-of-thought.. Color.. Explosive-Displays Originality .Tracer-patterns ..I suggest-we-retreat..!!


The Cyclones are turning back!
No one is better at the "art" of war than we are!
Just look at this gorgeous sky...!!


Why-is-it that-we-hardly-ever-score-a-direct-hit-on-a-Colonial-Viper?!?
How-can-we-do-any-better-with-only-one-red-eye-that-keeps-on-bouncing-back-and-forth-across-our-face-like-a-ping-pong-ball?

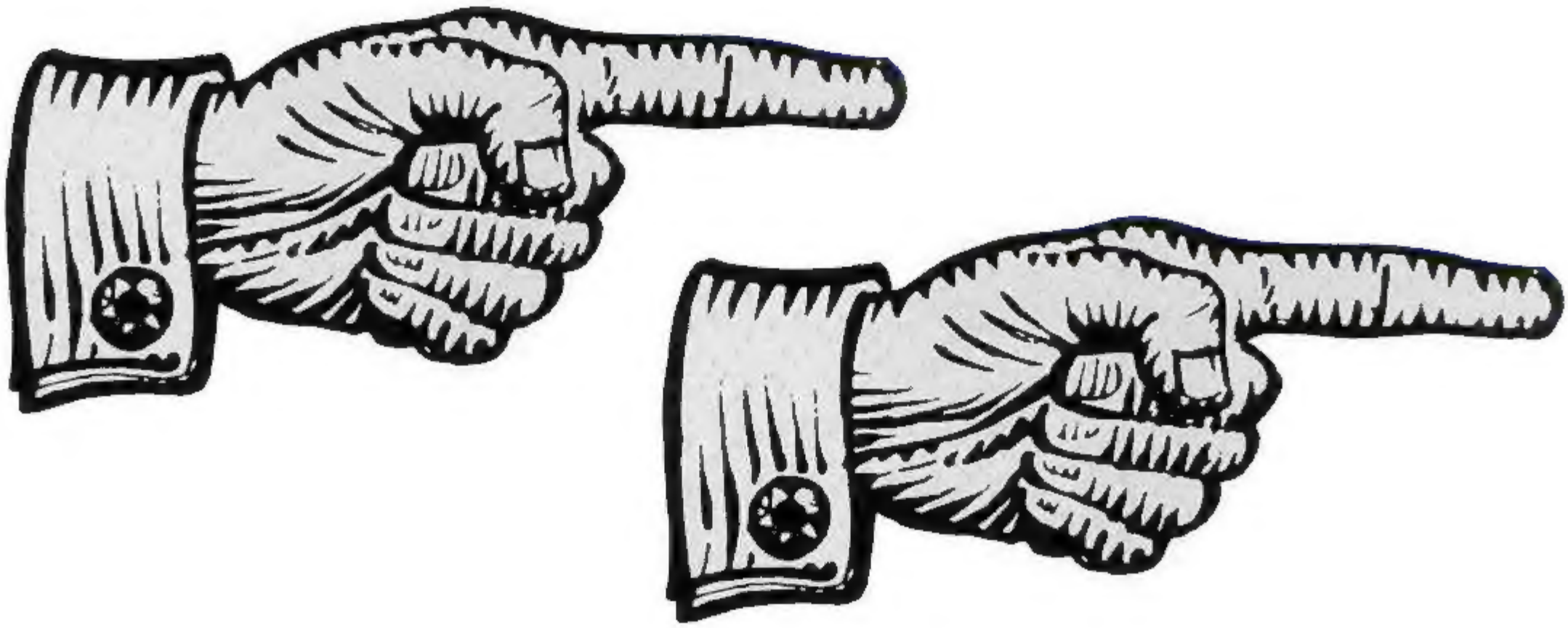
STRIKE!

Commander our Sky Scanner is picking up signals from our Vipers! They're having a dog-fight with the Cyclones!
Gran pa if they're having a dog-fight, can I send Moxie in to help?
You're so precious, Barfy! Every week, you say some innocent, endearing thing that makes me long for the ultimate destruction of all life on this ship!!
By the way Barfy! Your dog had an "accident" in my sleep bay!
But that's impossible! Moxie is a ROBOT!
I know! I found a big, smelly pile of nuts and bolts on my blanket!
Oooops! That's robot-doo, all right!!
Purple Scout destroys Yellow Cat!
Yellow Command returns fire, increasing power by three Veeblefitzers!
Our Officers certainly remain calm while tracking a battle!
That's no battle, Sir! That's our new Video Game!!
Boy, a new record! We shot down 84 Cyclones!
That's only HALF the record!! We DID it with only SEVEN missiles!
Athinner, we have got to return to the Galaxica! We started out with sixty Anchovies of fuel and I'm down to only six Pepperonis!!
On the way back, let's shut down our Pulsar Communication Units! That will not only conserve fuel, it will also give the Galaxica its weekly "WHERE ARE THEY NOW!?!" worry!
Commander Adammit! We just lost contact with the Colonial Vipers! Where are they? What shall we do?!?
Get Hoss, Little Joe and the rest of the boys saddle up the horses . . . and let's RIDE!!
Horses?! Ride?!
Huh! Oh, I'm sorry! I forget which show I'm doing sometimes!
Get Bummer, Jelly, and the rest of the boys . . . saddle up the space ships . . . and let's FLY!!
No need to do that, Sir! We just discovered their location!
Using the new Ten Channel Digital Laser Sequencer?
No, Sir . . . using your suggestion! We looked out the window! Here they come . . .!!

CRASH
That wasn't too bad a landing was it, Starbuff?
No, not too bad! But it would've been a lot better if you'd let them open the landing bay doors first!
Son! Thank God you're back!
Yes, Father . . . I am! Do you worry, Sir, because I'm your only Son?
No, I worry because we're running out of Viper Fighters! You and your buddies smash one or two of them up every time you go out on a mission!
Oh, Ruler of the Vast Void Oh Prince of the Atomic Particles Oh, King of—
Why I ever installed one of those copper-topped batteries in you, I'll never know! I can't wait for it to go dead so you'll shut up! What now?!?
The Colonial Fighters have beaten us again!
Didn't our fighters do ANYTHING?
We DID manage to assault the intelligence of the TV audience!
Well, that's SOMETHING!
Anything else I can do for you Baldstar?
Yes, you can shut off that light that's always shining up into my face to make me look evil! It's driving me nuts!!
YOU'RE FIRED!
That was real brave of you to rescue me Athinnes! I'd like to thank you properly! How about dropping by my sleep bay and—
Not tonight! I have a Cranium Megahurt!
Hmmm! Some things never change —even in SIX millen-iums!
Commander Adammit, your Son is calling on the Ultra Phone . . .
Dad, I'm out on another mission and you'll never in a billion Spumonis guess what happened!
You crash-landed!
Wow! Not only are you a great Commander, but you also have fabulous ESP!
Anyway . . . I've never been on a planet as scary as this! The inhabitants all speak a steady stream of gobbledegook, and the Rulers of this sphere cheat and steal and tell lies to their subjects, and plunder its resources! I've never seen anything like this in all my thirty-five Bar Mitzvahs!
My Son you've done it! You've discovered EARTH!!
HONK HONK
BAN THE BOMB
BAN THE SST

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT INSPIRING LESSON DOES PROFESSIONAL SPORTS TEACH OUR CHILDREN?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Hardly anyone today can escape the excitement and impact of the spectacular of professional sports. But our young people are particularly impressed and inspired by the wild goings-on in this great American industry. To find out exactly what the youth of our nation is learning from it, fold in page as shown on right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

OUR MAGNIFICENT SPORTING EVENTS GREATLY IMPRESS AND INSPIRE THE DEVOTED YOUNG FANS OF ALL FORMS OF SPORTS

A ▸ ◂B

WHAT INSPIRING LESSON DOES PROFESSIONAL SPORTS TEACH OUR CHILDREN?

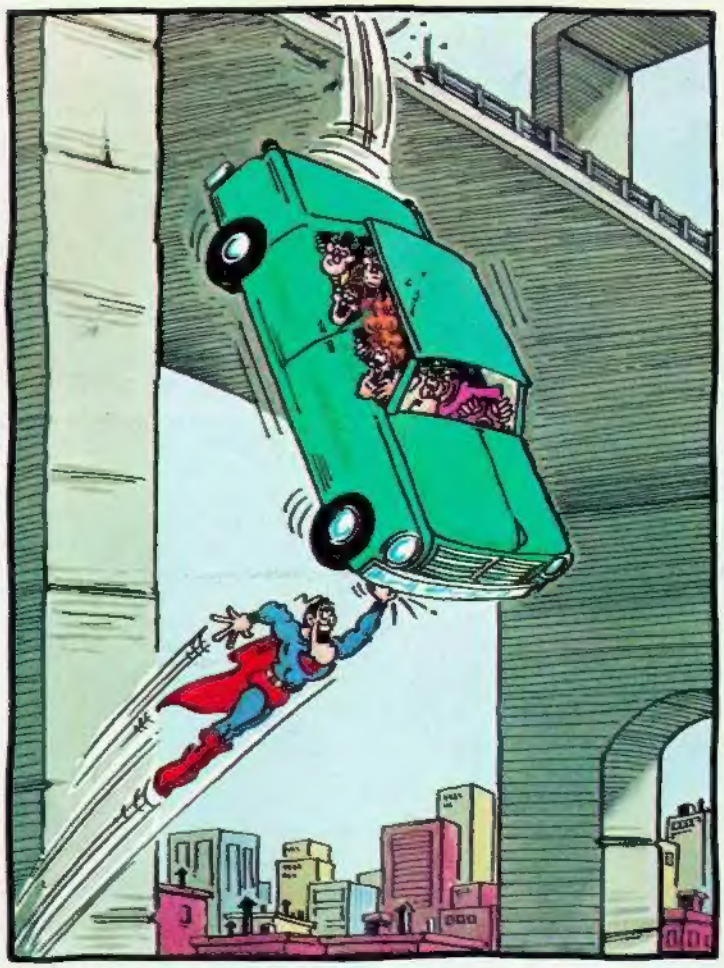
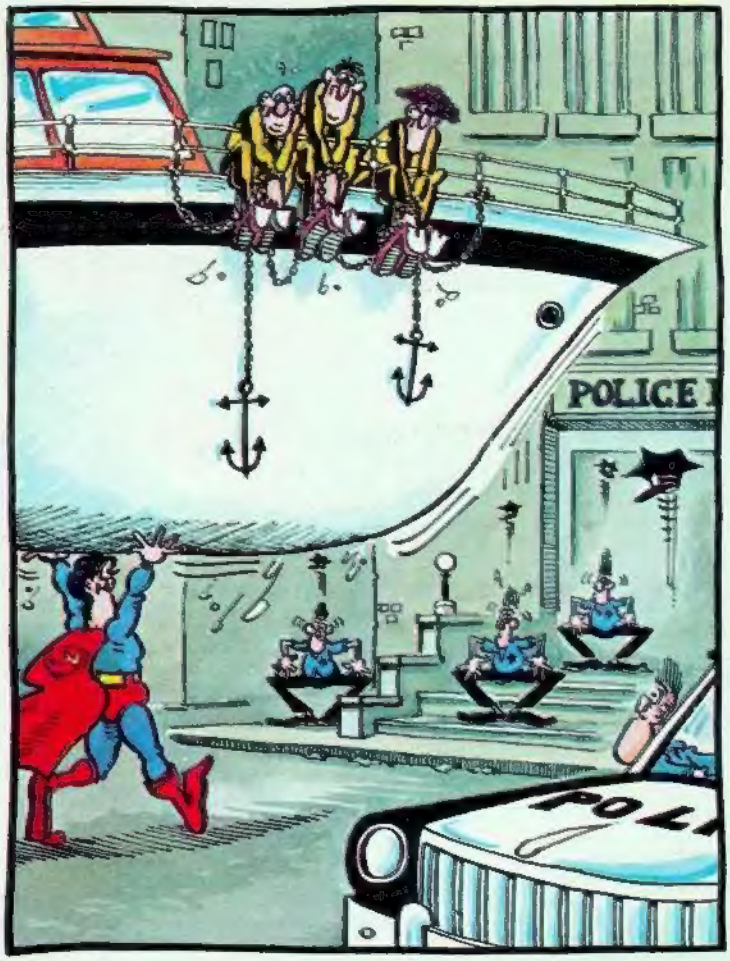
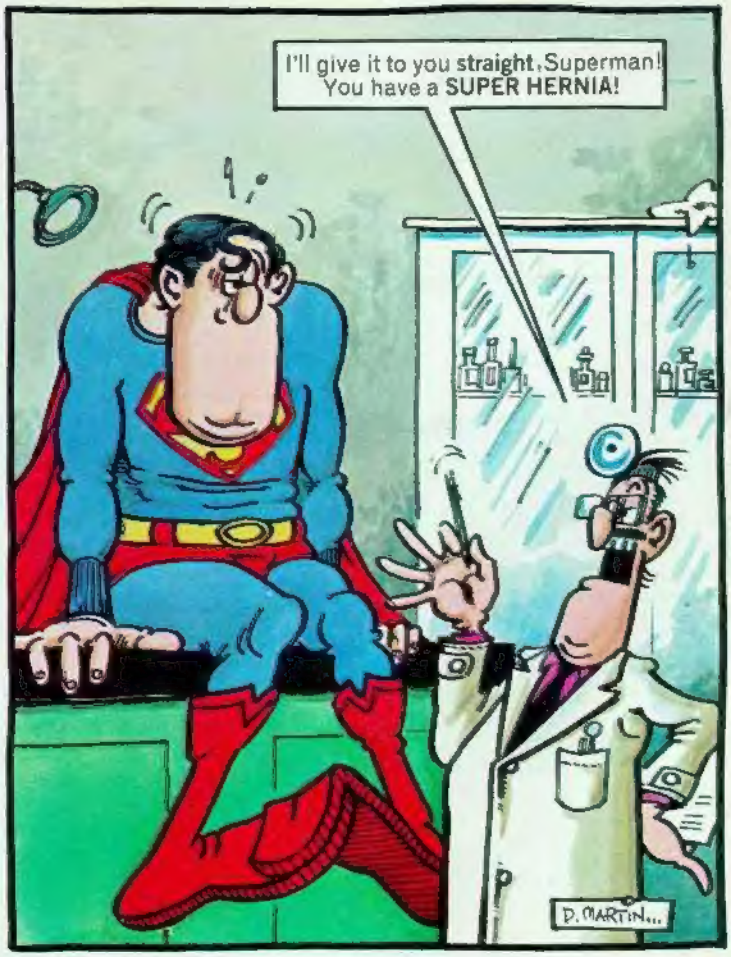
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▸◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GREED

A ⋈ B



ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: DON EDWING